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FRONTISPIECE.

" Thus, with clasp'd hands, wild looks, and streaming hair,
" Wild shrieks of horror broke her trembling speech,
" A wretched maid, the victim of despair,
" Survey'd the threat'ning storm and desert beach."

See Elegy by C. Smith, p. 46.

LE.C
F6443

FLOWERS

OF

BRITISH POETRY;

CONSISTING OF

FUGITIVE AND CLASSICAL PIECES

OF THE BEST

Poets of Great Britain.

Embellished with Seven beautiful Designs on Wood by Thomas and John Bewick.

" Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
" And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

51932
1901

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FLOWERS

OF

British Poetry.

—o—

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY R. BURNS.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much reſpected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honeſt pride, I ſcorn each ſelfiſh end,
My deareſt meed, a friend's eſteem and praiſe:
To you I ſing in ſimple Scottiſh lays,
The lowly train in life's ſequeſter'd ſcene;
The native feelings ſtrong, the guileleſs ways;
What A—— in a cottage would have been,
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry ſugh;
The ſhort'ning winter day is near a cloſe;
The miry beaſts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repoſe:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his ſpades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in eaſe and reſt to ſpend,
And weary, o'er the muir, his courſe does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the ſhelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, ſtacker through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noiſe and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonily,
His clean hearth-ſtane, his thriftie wifie's ſmile,

The liſpin infant prattlin on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' maks him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin in,
At ſervice out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, ſome herd, ſome tente rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town;
Their eldeſt hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love ſparklin in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps, to ſhew a braw new gown,
Or depoſit her ſair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardſhip be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and ſiſters meet,
And each for others weelfare kindly ſpiers:
The ſocial hours, ſwift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he ſees or hears;
The parents partial ee their hopefu' years;
Anticipation forward points the view:
The mother, wi' her needle an' her ſheers,
Gars auld claes look amaiſt as weel as new:
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their maſter's an' their miſtreſs's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' ſight, to jauk or play;
'An' O! be ſure to fear the Lord alway!
'And mind your duty duly, morn and night!
'Leſt in temptation's path ye gang aſtray,
'Implore his counſel and aſſiſting might;
'They never ſought in vain that ſought the Lord aright.'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the ſame,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the muir,
To do ſome errands and convoy her hame.
The wily mother ſees the conſcious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, an' fluſh her cheek;

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Wi' heart-ſtruck anxious care, enquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to ſpeak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild worthleſs rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A ſtrappan youth, he takes the mother's ee;
Blyth Jenny ſees the viſit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks o' horſes, pleughs, and kye.
The youngſter's artleſs heart o'erflows with joy,
But blate and laithfu', ſcarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can ſpy
What makes the youth ſae baſhfu' and ſae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's reſpected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found;
O heart-felt raptures! bliſs beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
An' ſage Experience bids me this declare—
'If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleaſure ſpare,
'One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modeſt pair,
'In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that ſcents the evening gale.'

Is there in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! loſt to love and truth!
That can, with ſtudied, ſly, enſnaring art,
Betray ſweet Jenny's unſuſpecting youth?
Curſe on his perjur'd arts! diſſembling ſmooth!
Are honor, virtue, conſcience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting truth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their diſtraction wild!

But now the ſupper crowns their ſimple board,
The haleſome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The ſoup their only hawkie does afford
That 'yont the hallan ſnugly chows her cood:

The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's preſt, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, ſin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' ſupper done, wi' ſerious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide:
The ſire turns owre, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aſide,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Thoſe ſtrains that once did ſweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
An' 'Let us worſhip God!' he ſays wi' ſolemn air.

They chaunt their artleſs notes in ſimple guiſe;
They tune their hearts, by far the nobleſt aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warblin meaſures riſe,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name,
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'n-ward flame,
The ſweeteſt far o' Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd wi' theſe, Italian thrills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raiſe;
Nae uniſon hae they wi' our Creator's praiſe.

The prieſt-like father reads the ſacred page,
How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moſes bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the ſtroke of Heav'n's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Iſaiah's wild ſeraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the ſacred lyre.

Perhaps the Chriſtian Volume is the theme,
How guiltleſs blood for guilty man was ſhed;
How He, who bore in heav'n the ſecond name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his firſt followers and ſervants ſped;
The precepts ſage they wrote to many a land:

How he, who lone in Patmos baniſhed,
Saw in the ſun a mighty angel ſtand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by
Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down to Hea'vn's ETERNAL KING,
The ſaint, the father, and the huſband, prays;
Hope 'ſprings exulting on triumphant wing',
That thus they all ſhall meet in future days:
There ever baſk in uncreated rays,
No more to ſigh or ſhed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praiſe,
In ſuch ſociety, yet ſtill more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal ſphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men diſplay to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r incens'd, the pageant will deſert,
The pompous ſtrain, the ſacerdotal ſtole;
But haply in ſome cottage, far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the ſoul,
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their ſeveral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to reſt:
The parent pair their ſecret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm requeſt,
That He, who ſtills the raven's clam'rous neſt,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would in the way his wiſdom ſees the beſt,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with Grace divine preſide.

From ſcenes like theſe old Scotia's grandeur ſprings,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God!'
And *certes* in fair Virtue's heav'nly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Diſguiſing oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedneſs refin'd.

O Scotia! my dear, my native ſoil;
For whom my warmeſt wiſh to Heav'n is ſent!
Long may thy hardy ſons of ruſtic toil
Be bleſt with health, and peace, and ſweet content!
And O! may Heav'n their ſimple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may riſe the while,
And ſtand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd iſle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That ſtream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly ſtem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the ſecond glorious part!
The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inſpirer, guardian, and reward!
O never, never, Scotia's realm deſert;
But ſtill the patriot and the patriot bard,
In bright ſucceſſion raiſe, her ornament and guard!

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BUERGER.

BESIDE the parſon's bower of yew,
Why ſtrays a troubled ſpright,
That peaks and pines, and dimly ſhines
Thro' curtains of the night?

Why ſteals along the pond of toads
A gliding fire ſo blue,
That lights a ſpot where grows no graſs,
Where falls no rain nor dew?

The parſon's daughter once was good,
And gentle as the dove,
And young and fair—and many came
To win the damſel's love.

High o'er the hamlet, from the hill,
Beyond the winding ſtream,
The windows of a ſtately houſe
In ſheen of evening gleam.

There dwelt in riot, rout, and roar,
A lord ſo frank and free,
That oft' with inward joy of heart
The maid beheld his glee—

Whether he met the dawning day,
In hunting trim ſo fine,
Or tapers, ſparkling from his hall,
Beſhone the midnight wine.

He ſent the maid his picture, girt
With diamond, pearl, and gold;
And ſilken paper, ſweet with muſk,
This gentle meſſage told:

Let go thy ſweethearts, one and all;
Shalt thou be baſely woo'd,
That worthy art to gain the heart
Of youths of noble blood?

The tale I would to thee bewray,
In ſecret muſt be ſaid;
At midnight hour I'll ſeek thy bower;
Fair laſs, be not afraid.

And when the amorous nightingale
Sings ſweetly to his mate,
I'll pipe my quail-call from the field:
Be kind, nor make me wait."

In cap and mantle clad he came,
At night, with lonely tread;
Unſeen, and ſilent as a miſt.
And huſh'd the dogs with bread.

And when the amorous nightingale
Sung ſweetly to his mate,
She heard his quail-call in the field,
And, ah! ne'er made him wait.

The words he whiſper'd were ſo ſoft,
They won her ear and heart:
How ſoon will ſhe who loves believe!
How deep a lover's art!

No lure, no ſoothing guiſe, he ſpar'd,
To baniſh virtuous ſhame;
He call'd on holy God above,
As witneſs to his flame.

He claſp'd her to his breaſt, and ſwore
To be for ever true:
"O yield thee to my wiſhful arms,
Thy choice thou ſhalt not rue."

And while ſhe ſtrove, he drew her on,
And led her to the bower
So ſtill, ſo dim—and round about
Sweet ſmelt the beans in flower—

There beat her heart, and heav'd her breaſt,
And pleaded every ſenſe;
And there the glowing death of luſt
Did blaſt her innocence.

But when the fragrant beans began
Their fallow blooms to ſhed,
Her ſparkling eyes their luſtre loſt;
Her cheek its roſes fled:

And when ſhe ſaw the pods increaſe,
The ruddier cherries ſtain,
She felt her ſilken robe grow tight,
Her waiſt new weight ſuſtain.

And when the mowers went afield,
The yellow corn to ted,
She felt her burthen ſtir within,
And ſhook with tender dread.

And when the winds of autumn hiſt
Along the ſtubble field,
Then could the damſel's piteous plight
No longer be conceal'd.

Her ſire, a harſh and angry man,
With furious voice revil'd:
"Hence from my ſight! I'll none of thee—
I'll harbour not thy child."

And faſt, amid her fluttering hair,
With clenched fiſt he gripes,
And ſeiz'd a leather thong, and laſh'd
Her ſides with ſounding ſtripes.

Her lily ſkin, ſo ſoft and white,
He ribb'd with bloody weales;
And thruſt her out, tho' dark the night,
Tho' ſleet and ſtorm aſſails.

Up the harſh rock, on flinty paths,
The maiden had to roam;
On tottering feet ſhe grop'd her way,
And ſought her lover's home.

"A mother thou haſt made of me,
Before thou mad'ſt a wife:
For this, upon my tender breaſt,
Theſe livid ſtripes are rife:

"Behold"—and then, with bitter ſobs,
She ſank upon the floor——
"Make good the evil thou haſt wrought;
My injur'd name reſtore."

"Poor ſoul! I'll have thee hous'd and nurs'd;
Thy terrors I lament.
Stay here; we'll have ſome farther talk—
The old one ſhall repent—"

"I have no time to reſt and wait;
That ſaves not my good name:
If thou with honeſt ſoul haſt ſworn,
O leave me not to ſhame!

But at the holy altar be
Our union ſanctify'd;
Before the people and the prieſt,
Receive me for thy bride."

"Unequal matches muſt not blot
The honours of my line:
Art thou of wealth or rank for me,
To harbour thee as mine?

What's fit and fair I'll do for thee;
Shalt yet retain my love—
Shalt wed my huntſman—and we'll then
Our former tranſport prove."

"Thy wicked ſoul, hard-hearted man,
May pangs in hell await!
Sure if not ſuited for thy bride,
I was not for thy mate.

Go, ſeek a ſpouſe of nobler blood,
Nor God's juſt judgments dread—
So ſhall, ere long, ſome baſe-born wretch
Defile thy marriage bed.

Then, traitor, feel how wretched they
In hopeleſs ſhame immerſt:
Then ſmite thy forehead on the wall,
While horrid curſes burſt.

Roll thy dry eyes in wild deſpair—
Unſooth'd thy grinning woe:
Thro' thy pale temples fire the ball,
And ſink to fiends below."

Collecting then, ſhe ſtarted up,
And, thro' the hiſſing ſleet,
Thro' thorn and brier, thro' flood and mire,
She fled with bleeding feet.

"Where now," ſhe cried, "my gracious God!
What refuge have I left!"
And reach'd the garden of her home,
Of hope in man bereft.

On hand and foot ſhe feebly crawl'd
Beneath the bower unbleſt;
Where withering leaves and gathering ſnow
Prepar'd her only reſt.

There rending pains and darting throes
Aſſail'd her ſhuddering frame;
And from her womb a lovely boy,
With wail and weeping came.

Forth from her hair a ſilver pin
With haſty hands ſhe drew,
And preſt againſt its tender heart,
And the ſweet babe ſhe ſlew.

Erſt when the act of blood was done,
Her ſoul in guilt abhor'd:
"My Jeſus! what has been my deed?
Have mercy on me, Lord!"

With bloody nails beſide the pond,
In ſhallow grave ſhe tore:
There reſt in God; there ſhame and want;
Thou canſt not ſuffer more:

Me, vengeance waits. My poor, poor child,
Thy wound ſhall bleed afreſh,
When ravens from the gallows tear
Thy mother's mould'ring fleſh."—

Hard by the bower her gibbet ſtands;
Her ſkull is ſtill to ſhow;
It ſeems to eye the barren grave
Three ſpans in length below.—

That is the ſpot where grows no graſs;
Where falls no rain nor dew:
Whence ſteals along the pond of toads
A hovering fire ſo blue.

And nightly, when the ravens come,
Her ghoſt is ſeen to glide;
Purſues and tries to quench the flame,
And pines the pool beſide.

THE GAMESTER.

BY MRS ROBINSON.

OH! What is he, whoſe haggard eye
Scarce dares to meet the morning's ray;
Who trembling would, but cannot, fly
From MAN, and from the buſy day?

Mark how his lip is fever'd o'er!
Behold his cheek, how deathly it appears!
See how his bloodſhot eye-balls pour
A burning torrent of unpitied tears!

Now watch the varying geſture wild!
See how its tortur'd boſom heaves!
Behold Misfortune's wayward child,
For whom no kindred nature grieves!

Deſpis'd, ſuſpected, ruin'd, loſt;
His fortune, health, and reputation, flown;
On Mis'ry's ſtormy ocean toſt,
Condemn'd to curſe his fate—and curſe *alone!*

Once were his profpects bright and gay,
And independence blefs'd his hours;
His was the fmooth and funny way
Where tip-toe Pleafure fcatter'd flow'rs;

Love bound his brow with thornlefs fweets,
And fmiling Friendfhip fill'd his cup of joy:—
Now, not a friend the victim meets,
For, *like a Wolf*, he wanders *to deftroy*.

All day, upon a couch of thorn,
His weary fev'rifh limbs recline:
All night, diftracted and forlorn,
He hovers round the fateful fhrine,—

Eager to feize with grafping hands
The flender pittance of the fool,
He links himfelf with caitiff bands,
And learns the leffon of the *Gamefter's School*.

One hour, elate with ill-got gold,
And dazzled by the fhining ore,
In plenitude of joys behold
The prodigal difplay his ftore!

The next, in proverty and fear,
He hides him, trembling at approaching fate,
While greedy creditors appear,
And with remorfelefs rage lurk round his gate

Then comes the horror-breeding hour:
While recent SUICIDE attends;
And Madnefs, with impetuous pow'r,
The fcene of defolation ends!

Upon his grave no parent mourns,
No widow'd love laments with graceful woe;
No joyful gleam for him returns;
For Heav'n denies that peace his frenzy loft below!

THE FELON.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

OH, mark his wan and hollow cheek!
And mark his eye-balls' glare;
And mark his teeth in anguiſh clench'd,
The anguiſh of deſpair!
Know, ſince three days, his penance borne,
Yon felon left a jail,
And ſince three days no food has paſs'd
Thoſe lips ſo parch'd and pale.

"Where ſhall I turn?" the wretch exclaims;
"Where hide my ſhameful head?
"How fly from ſcorn? Oh! how contrive
"To earn my honeſt bread?
"This branded hand would gladly toil;
"But, when for work I pray,
"Who ſees this mark, '*A Felon!*' cries,
"And loathing turns away.

"This heart has greatly err'd, but now
"Would fain revert to good:
"This hand has deeply ſinn'd, but yet,
"Has ne'er been ſtain'd with blood:
"For work, or alms, in vain I ſue;
"The ſcorners both deny:
"I ſtarve; I ſtarve—Then what remains?—
"This choice; *to ſin, or die!*

"Here Virtue ſpurns me with diſdain;
"There Pleaſure ſpreads her ſnare:
"Strong habit drags me back to vice;
"And, urg'd by fierce Deſpair,
"I ſtrive, while hunger gnaws my heart,
"To fly from ſhame in vain!—
"World, 'tis thy cruel will! I yield,
"And plunge in guilt again.

"There's Mercy in each ray of light
"That mortal eyes e'er ſaw;

"There's Mercy in each breath of air
"That mortal lips e'er draw;
"There's Mercy both for bird and beaſt
"In God's indulgent plan;
"There's Mercy for each creeping thing;—
"But MAN HAS NONE FOR MAN!

"Ye proudly honeſt! when ye heard
"My wounded conſcience groan,
"Had generous hand, or feeling heart,
"One glimpſe of Mercy ſhown,—
"That act had made, from burning eyes,
"Sweet tears of virtue roll,
"Had fix'd my heart, aſſur'd my faith,
"And *Heav'n had gain'd a Soul!*"

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY MISS BLAMIRE.

THE wars for many a month were o'er,
E'er I could reach my native ſhed;
My friends ne'er hop'd to ſee me more,
But wept for me as for the dead.

As I drew nigh, the cottage blaz'd;
The ev'ning fire was clear and bright:
And through the window long I gaz'd,
And ſaw each friend with dear delight.

My father in his corner ſat,
My mother drew her uſeful thread,
My brothers ſtrove to make them chat,
My ſiſters bak'd the houſehold bread:

And Jean oft whiſper'd to a friend,
That ſtill let fall a ſilent tear:
But ſoon my Jeſſy's grief ſhall end—
She little thinks her Harry's near.

My mother ſaw her catching ſighs,
And hid her face behind the rock;
While tears ſwam round in all their eyes,
And not a ſingle word was ſpoke.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,
And crooked up a lying knee,
And found that, e'en in that bleſt place,
Not one dear friend knew ought of me.

I ventur'd in.——Tray wagg'd his tail,
And fawn'd—and to my mother ran:
"Come here," they cry'd;" what can he ail?"
While my feign'd ſtory I began.

I chang'd my voice to that of age,
"A poor old ſoldier lodgings crave:"
The very name their loves engage—
"A ſoldier! aye, the beſt we have."

My father then drew in a ſeat,
"Your welcome," with a ſigh, he ſaid:
My mother fry'd her beſt hung meat,
And curds and cheeſe the table ſpread.

What could I do?—If in I went,
Surprize might chill each tender heart:
Some ſtory, then, I muſt invent,
And act the poor maim'd ſoldier's part.

"I had a ſon," my father ſigh'd,
"A ſoldier, too; but he is gone!"
"Have you heard from him?" I reply'd;
"I left behind me many a one:

"And many a meſſage I have brought
"To families I cannot find;
"Long for John Goodman's have I ſought,
"To tell them Hall's not far behind."

"O! does he live?" my father cry'd;
My mother did not ſtay to ſpeak;
My Jeſſy now I ſilent ey'd,
Who throbb'd as if her heart would break.

"He lives indeed!—this 'kerchief ſee,
"At parting his dear Jeſſy gave;
"He ſent it her, with love, by me,
"To ſhew he yet eſcapes the grave."

An arrow, darting from a bow,
Could not more quick the token reach:

The patch from off my face I drew,
And gave my voice its well-known ſpeech.

"My Jeſſy, dear!" I ſoftly ſaid:
She gaz'd, and anſwer'd with a ſigh:
My ſiſters look'd as half afraid;
My mother fainted quite for joy.

My father danced round his ſon;
My brothers ſhook my hand away;
My mother ſaid, her glaſs might run,
She car'd not now how ſoon that day.

"Hout, woman!" cry'd my father dear,
"A wedding firſt I'm ſure we'll have:
"I warrant we'll live this hundred year—
"Nay, may be, laſs, eſcape the grave."

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

BY R. BURNS.

THE lamp of day, with ill-preſaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, ſunk beneath the weſtern wave;
Th' inconſtant blaſt howl'd thro' the dark'ning air,
And hollow whiſtled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;*
Or mus'd where limpid ſtreams once hallow'd well,†
Or mould'ring ruins mark the ſacred ſane:‡

Th' increaſing blaſt roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds ſwift-wing'd flew o'er the ſtarry ſky,
Th' groaning trees untimely ſhed their locks,
And ſhooting meteors caught the ſtartled eye.

*The King's Park, at Holyrood-houſe.
†St Anthony's Well. ‡St Anthony's Chapel.

The paly moon roſe in the livid eaſt,
And 'mong the cliffs diſclos'd a ſtately form,
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breaſt,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving ſtorm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulſes glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied ſhield I view'd:
Her form majeſtic droop'd in penſive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbru'd.

Revers'd that ſpear, redoubtable in war—
Reclin'd that banner, erſt in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.

"My patriot ſon fills an untimely grave!"
With accents wild and lifted arms ſhe cried;
"Low lies the hand that oft was ſtretch'd to ſave,
"Low lies the heart that ſwell'd with honeſt pride!

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
"The helpleſs poor mix with the orphan's cry;
"The drooping arts ſurround their patron's bier,
"And grateful ſcience heaves the heartfelt ſigh.—

"I ſaw my ſons reſume their ancient fire;
"I ſaw fair Freedom's bloſſoms richly blow:
"But, ah, how hope is born but to expire!
"Relentleſs fate has laid their guardian low.—

"My patriot falls! but ſhall he fall unſung,
"While empty greatneſs ſaves a worthleſs name!
"No; every Muſe ſhall join her tuneful tongue,
"And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
"Thro' future times to make his virtues laſt,
"That diſtant years may boaſt of other BLAIRS"—
She ſaid, and vaniſh'd with the ſweeping blaſt.

THE DOWN-HILL OF LIFE.

BY MR COLLINS.

IN the down-hill of life when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no leſs fortunate be,
Than a ſnug elbow chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide ſea:
With an ambling pad poney, to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle ſorrow;
And, as blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for ſhelter and ſhade too,
As the ſunſhine or rain may prevail;
With a ſmall ſpot of ground, for the uſe of the ſpade too,
And a barn for the uſe of the flail;
With a cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purſe when a friend wants to borrow,—
I envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Or what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blaſt may my cot be com-
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill; [pletely
And at night may repoſe ſteal upon me more ſweetly,
By the ſide of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from ſickneſs and ſorrow,
I'll ſhare with my friends what to-day may afford,
And let them ſpread the table to-morrow.

And when I at laſt muſt throw off this frail cov'ring
I've worn for three-ſcore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not ſeek to keep hov'ring,
Nor my thread wiſh to ſpin o'er again:
But my face in the glaſs I'll ſerenely ſurvey,
And with ſmiles count each wrinkle and furrow;—
As this old worn-out ſtuff, which is thread-bare to-day,
May become everlaſting to-morrow.

SCOTLAND'S SKAITH;

OR,

THE HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN.

" So ſhall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." PROV.

WHA was ance like Willie Gairlace,
Wha in neebouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom was in his fair face,
Deadly ſtrength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will cou'd rin or wraſtle,
Throw the ſledge or toſs the bar?
Hap what wou'd, he ſtood a caſtle
Or for ſafety or for war.

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
Wi' the bauld he bauld cou'd be;
But to friends wha had their handfu,
Purſe and ſervice aye war free.

Whan he firſt ſaw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie cou'd compare?—
Thouſands had mare braws and filler,
But war ony half ſae fair?

Saft her ſmile raiſe like May morning,
Glinting owre Demaits'* brow;
Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning
Strivlin's lovely plain below!

Kind and gentle was her nature;
At ilk place ſhe bore the bell;—
Sic a bloom, and ſhape, and ſtature!
But her look nae look can tell!

* One of the Ochil hills near Sterling.

Sic was Jean, whan Will firſt mawing
Spy'd her on a thraward beaſt;
Flew like fire, and, juſt when fa'ing,
Kept her on his manly breaſt.

Light he bare her, pale as aſhes,
Croſs the meadow fragrant, green,
Plac'd her on the new-mown raſhes,
Watching ſad her opening een.

Sic was Will, when poor Jean, fainting,
Drapt into a lover's arms;
Waken'd to his ſaft lamenting;
Sigh'd and bluſh'd a thouſand charms.

Soon they loo'd, and ſoon war buckl'd;
Nane took time to think and rue:—
Youth and worth and beauty coupl'd,
Luve had never leſs to do.

Three ſhort years flew by fu' canty,
Jean and Will thought them but ane;
Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
Ilka year a dainty wean.

Will wrought fair, but aye wi' pleaſure;
Jean the hale day ſpan and ſang;
Will and weans her conſtant treaſure,—
Bleſt wi' them, nae day ſeem'd lang.

Trig her houſe, and oh! to buſk aye
Ilk ſweet bairn was a' her pride!
But at this time NEWS and WHISKY
Sprang nae up at ilk road ſide.

Luckleſs was the hour whan Willie,
Hame returning frae the fair,
Ow'rtook Tam, a neebour billie,
Sax miles frae their hame and mair.

Simmer's heat had loſt its fury;
Calmly ſmil'd the ſober een;
Laſſes on the bleachfield hurry,
Skelping bare-fit owre the green;

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,
Canty hairſt was juſt begun,
And on mountain, tree, and water,
Glinted ſaft the ſettin ſun.

Will and Tam, wi' hearts a' lowpin,
Mark't the hale, but could nae bide;
Far frae hame, nae time for ſtoppin,—
Baith wiſh'd for their ain fire-ſide.

On they travell'd, warm and drouthy,
Cracking owre the news in town;
The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youth aye
Pray'd for drink to waſh news down.

Fortune, wha but ſeldom liſtens
To poor Merit's modeſt pray'r,
And on fools pours needleſs bleſſings,
Harken'd to our drouthy pair.

In a howm, wha's bonny burnie
Whimperin row'd its chryſtal flood,
Near the road whar travellers turn aye,
Neat and bield a cot-houſe ſtood:

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
Window broads juſt painted red;
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
Haſlins ſeen and haſlins hid.

Up the gavel-end thick ſpreading
Crap the claſping ivy green,
Back owre firs the high craigs cleadin,
Rais'd a' round a cozey ſcreen.

Down below a flow'ry meadow
Join'd the burnie's winding line;—
Here it was that Howe the widow
That ſame day ſet up her ſign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will firſt marvellin ſees,
"PORTER, ALE, and BRITISH SPIRITS,"
Painted bright between twa trees.

'Godfake, Tam! here's walth for drinking!—
'Wha can this new comer be!'—
'Hout!' quo' Tam, 'there's drouth in thinking—
'Let's in, Will, and fyne we'll fee.'

Nae mare time they took to fpeak or
Think o' ought but reeming jugs,
Till three times in humming liquor
Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slocken'd now, refrefh'd, and talking,
In cam Meg (weel fkill'd to pleafe),
'Sirs, ye're furely tir'd wi' walking—
'Ye maun tafte my bread and cheefe.'

'Thanks,' quo' Will, 'I canna tarry,
'Pick-mirk night is fetting in;
'Jean, poor thing's her lane and eery—
'I maun to the road and rin.'

'Hout!' quo' Tam, what's a' the hurry?
'Hame's now fcarce a mile o' gate—
'Come, fit down—Jean winna wearie:
'Lord! I'm fure its no fae late.'

Will o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,
Baith fell to and ate their fill:
'Tam,' quo' Will, 'in mere difcretion,
'We maun hae widow's gill.'

After ae gill cam anither—
Meg fat cracking 'tween them twa;
Bang cam in Mat Smith and brither.
Geordie Brown and Sandy Shaw.

Neebours wha ne'er though to meet here,
Now fat down wi double glee;
Ilk gill aye grew fweet and fweeter,—
Will gat hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing, had lang been greetin;
Will, neift morning, blam'd Tam Lowes:
But ere lang an owkly meeting
Was fet up at Maggie Howe's.

Maiſt things hae a ſma' beginning,
  But wha' kens how things will end?
Owkly clubs are nae great ſinnin,
  Gin folk hae enough to ſpend:

But nae man o' ſober thinking
  E'er will ſay that things can thrive,
If there's ſpent in owkly drinkin
  What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae *converſation*,
  Ilka ſocial ſoul allows;
But in this *reformin nation*,
  Wha can ſpeak without the NEWS?

News, firſt meant for State Phyſicians,
  Deeply ſkill'd in courtly drugs,
Now, *when a' are politicians*,
  Juſt to ſet folk by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light
  On ſome things that ſhould be clear,
Found e'er lang the fau't, and ae night
  Clubb'd and gat the GAZETTEER.*

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-houſe
  Swith by poſt the papers fled;
Thoughts ſpring up like plants in hot-houſe
  Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiſer than anither,—
  'Thing's are nae gaen right,' quo' Tam;
'Let us aftener meet thegither—
  'Twice a owk's not worth a d——n.'

See them now in grave convention,
  To mak a' things ſquare and even,
Or at leaſt wi' firm intention
  To drink ſax nights out o' ſeven.

'Mid this ſitting up and drinkin,
  Gathering a' the news that fell,
Will, wha was nae yet paſt thinkin,
  Had ſome battles wi' himſel.

* An oppoſition newſpaper, publiſhed in Edinburgh in 1792 and 1793.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poiſon
Bare ilk firm reſolve awa';
On the ither, Jean's condition
Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he ſaw her ſmother'd ſorrow;
Weel he ſaw her bleaching cheek;
Mark't the ſmile ſhe ſtrave to borrow,
Whan, poor thing, ſhe could nae ſpeak!

Jean, at firſt, took little heed o'
Owkly clubs 'mang three or four,
Thought, kind ſoul, that Will had need o'
Heartſome hours whan wark was owre:

But whan now that nightly meetings
Sat and drank frae ſax till twa,
When ſhe found that hard-earn'd gettings
Now on drink war thrown awa;

Saw her Will, wha ance ſae cheerie
Raiſe ilk morning wi' the lark,
Now grown mauchleſs, dowf, and ſweer aye
To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly ſpirit,
Healthy bloom and ſprightly ee;
And o' luve and hame grown wearit,
Nightly frae his family flee;

Wha could blame her heart's complaining;
Wha condemn her ſorrows meek?
Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
Bleach'd her lately crimſon'd cheek?

Will, wha lang had ru'd and ſwither'd,
(Aye aſham'd o' paſt diſgrace)
Mark't the roſes as they wither'd
Faſt on Jeanie's lovely face!

Mark't—and felt wi' inward racking
A' the wyte lay wi' himſel,—
Swore neiſt night he'd make a breakin—
D——n'd the club and news to hell!

But, alas! whan habit's rooted,
Few hae pith the root to pu';
Will's reſolves war aye nonſuited,—
Promis'd aye—but aye gat fou'.

Aye at firſt at the convening
Moraliz'd on what was right;
Yet on clavers entertaining
Doz'd and drank till broad day-light.

Things at length draw near an ending;
Caſh rins out; Jean quite unhappy,
Sees that Will is now paſt mending,
Tynes a' heart, and tak's—a drappy.

Ilka drink deſerves a poſey;
Port mak's men rude; Claret civil;
Beer mak's Britons ſtout and roſy;
Whiſky mak's ilk wife—a devil.

Jean, wha lately bare affliction
Wi' ſae meek and mild and air,
School'd by Whiſky, learns new tricks ſoon,
Flyts, and ſtorms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, ſae late the tendereſt mither,
Fond o' ilk dear dauted wean;
Now, heart-harden'd a' thegither
Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha, vogie, look'd to buſk aye
In her hame-ſpun, thrifty wark,
Now ſells a' her braws for Whiſky,
To her laſt gown, coat, and ſark!

Rabby Burns, in mony a ditty,
Loudly ſings in Whiſky's praiſe;
Sweet his ſang—the mair's the pity,
E'er on it he war'd ſic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er yet preed, or e'er will taſte,
Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whiſky's ill will ſkaith her maiſt!

'Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace,
'Wha in neebouring town or farm?
'Beauty's bloom ſhone in his fair face,
'Deadly ſtrength was in his arm.

'Whan he firſt ſaw Jeanie Miller,
'Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
'Thouſands had mair braws and filler,
'But war ony half ſae fair?'

See them now!—how chang'd wi' drinking!
A' their youthful beauty gane!—
Daver'd, doited, daiz'd, and blinking—
Worn to perfect ſkin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November,
(Claiſe and caſh and credit out,)
Cow'ring owre a dying ember,
Wi' ilk face as white's a clout!

Bond and bill and debts a' ſtoppit,
Ilka ſheaf ſelt on the bent;
Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit,
Now to pay the laird his rent.

No anither night to lodge here!
No a friend their cauſe to plead!—
He ta'en on to be a fodger,
She wi' weans to beg her bread!

'O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
'E'er yet preed, or e'er will taſte,
'Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia,
'Whiſky's ill will ſkaith her maiſt!'

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE WAES O' WAR.

"Thrice happy pair
"Wha wit frae luckleſs fortune lear!" BOETH.

PART I.

OH! that folk wad weel conſider
What it is to tyne a name,
What this warl is a' thegither,
If bereft of honeſt fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring diſhonour,
Hardſhips ne'er breed Sorrow's ſmart,
If bright Conſcience taks upon her
To ſhed ſunſhine round the heart:

But, wi' a' that walth can borrow,
Guilty Shame will aye look down;
What maun then, Shame, Want, and Sorrow,
Wand'ring ſad frae town to town!

Jeanie Miller, ance ſae cheerie,
Ance ſae happy, good, and fair,
Left by Will, neiſt morning drearie
Taks the road o' black Deſpair?

Cauld the blaſt!—the day was fleeting;
Pouch and purſe without a plack!
In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
And the third tied on her back!

Wan her face! and lean and haggard!
Ance ſae ſonſy, ance ſae ſweet!
What a change!—unhous'd and beggar'd,
Starvin—without claiſe or meat!

Far frae ilk kent ſpot ſhe wander'd,
Skulking like a guilty thief;
Here and there, uncertain, daunder'd
Stupify'd wi' ſhame and grief:

But ſoon Shame, for bygane errors,
Fled owre faſt for ee to trace,
Whan grim Death, wi' a' his terrors,
Cam owre ilk ſweet bairnie's face!

Spent wi' toil, and cauld, and hunger,
Baith down drapt! and down Jean ſat!
'Dais'd and doited' now nae langer,
Thought—and felt—but, burſting, grat.

Gloaming faſt, wi' mirky ſhadow,
Crap owre diſtant hill and plain;
Darken'd wood, and glen, and meadow,
Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain!

Round and round, in wild diſtraction,
Jeanie turn'd her tearfu' ee!
Round and round for ſome protection!
Face nor houſe ſhe could nae ſee!

Dark and darker grew the night aye;
Loud and ſair the cauld winds thud:
Jean now ſpied a ſma' bit lightie
Blinking through a diſtant wood.

Up wi' frantic haſte ſhe ſtarted;
Cauld nor fear ſhe felt nae mair;
Hope, for ae bright moment, darted
Through the gloom o' dark Deſpair!

Faſt o'er fallow'd lea ſhe brattled;
Deep ſhe wade through bog and burn;
Sair wi' ſteep and craig ſhe battled,
Till ſhe reach'd the hop'd ſojourn.

Proud, 'mang ſcenes o' ſimple Nature,
Stately auld, a manſion ſtood
On a bank, whaſe ſylvan feature
Smil'd out owre the roaring flood.

Simmer here, in varied beauty,
Late her flow'ry mantle ſpread,
Whar auld cheſnut, ake, and yew tree,
Mingling, lent their friendly ſhade:

Blafted now wi' Winter's ravage—
A' their gaudy liv'ry caft;
Wood and glen, in wailings favage.
Sugh and howl to ilka blaft!

Darknefs ftalk'd wi' Fancy's terror;
Mountains mov'd and caftle rock'd!
Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,
Reach'd the door, and loudly knock'd.

'Wha this rudely wakes the fleeping?'
Cry'd a voice wi' angry grane;—
'Help! oh help!' quo' Jeanie, weeping,
'Help my infants, or they're gane!

'Nipt wi' cauld!—wi' hunger fainting!
'Baith lie fpeechlefs on the lea!
'Help!' quo' Jeanie, loud lamenting,
'Help my lammies, or they'll die!'

'Wha this travels, cauld and hungry,
'Wi' young bairns fae late at e'en?
'Beggars!' cried the voice mair angry,
'Beggars! wi' their brats, I ween.'

'Beggars now, alas! wha lately
'Helpt the beggar and the poor!'
'Fye, gudeman!' cried ane difcreetly,
'Taunt nae poortith at our door.

'Sic a night and tale thegither,
'Plead for mair than Anger's din:—
'Rife, Jock!' cried the pitying mither,
'Rife, and let the wretched in!'

'Beggar now, alas! wha lately
'Helpt the beggar and the poor!'—
'Enter!' quo' the youth fu' fweetly,
While up flew the open door.

'Beggar, or what elfe, fad mourner!
'Enter without fear or dread;
'Here, thank God! there's aye a corner
'To defend the houfelefs head!

'For your bairnies ceaſe repining;
'If in life, ye'll ſee them ſoon.'—
Aff he flew; and, brightly ſhining,
Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

PART II.

HERE, for ae night's kind protection,
Leave we Jean and weans awhile;
Tracing Will in ilk direction,
Far frae Britain's foſtering iſle!

Far frae ſcenes o' ſaft'ning pleaſure,
Luve's delights and Beauty's charms;
Far frae Friendſhip's ſocial leiſure,
Plung'd in murdering WAR's alarms!

Is it Nature, Vice, or Folly,
Or Ambition's feveriſh brain,
That ſae aft, wi' melancholy,
Turns, ſweet PEACE! thy joys to pain?

That, wi' a' thy charms enticing,
To the ee and to the heart,
(Ilk endearing bliſs deſpiſing),
Temps weak man frae thee to part?

Willie Gairlace, without filler,
Credit, claiſe, or ought beſide,
Leaves his ance-lov'd Jeanie Miller,
And ſweet bairns, to warld wide!

Leaves his native, cozy dwellin,
Shelter'd haughs and birken braes;
Greenſwaird hows and dainty mealin,
Ance his profit, pride, and praiſe!

Deck't wi' ſcarlet, ſword, and muſket,
Drunk wi' dreams as fauſe as vain,
Fleech'd and flatter'd, roos'd and buſkit,
Wow! but Will was wond'rous fain!

Rattling, roaring, ſwearing, drinking,
How could Thought her ſtation keep?
Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)
Doz'd Reflection faſt aſleep.

But when ſhipt to toils and dangers,
Wi' the cauld ground for his bed—
Compaſs'd round wi' faes and ſtrangers—
Soon Will's dreams o' Fancy fled.

Led to Battle's blood-dy'd banners,
Waving to the widow's moan,
Will ſaw Glory's boaſted honours
End in life's expiring groan!

Round Valenciennes' ſtrong-wa'd city,
Thick owre Dunkirk's fatal plain,
Will (though dauntleſs) ſaw wi' yity
Britain's valiant ſons lie ſlain!

Fir'd by Freedom's burning fever,
Gallia ſtrack Death's ſlaughtering knell;
Frae the Scheldt to Rhine's deep river,
Britons fought—but Britons fell!

Fell unaided! though cemented
By the faith o' Friendſhip's laws;
Fell unpity'd—unlamented!
Bluiding in a thankleſs cauſe!

In the thrang o' comrades deeing,
Fighting foremoſt o' them a',
Swith! Fate's winged ball cam fleeing
And took Willie's leg in twa!

Thrice frae aff the ground he ſtarted;
Thrice to ſtand he ſtrave in vain;
Thrice, as fainting ſtrength departed,
Sigh'd—and ſank 'mid heaps o' ſlain!

Erſkine*, wha ne'er ſlighted merit,
Mark't him 'mid the bloody fray;
'Save that gallant, daring ſpirit!—
'Twice he ſav'd my life the day.'

* Sir William Erskine.

Battle faſt on battle raging,
Wed our ſtalwart youths awa';
Day by day new faes engaging,
Forc'd the weary back to fa'!

Driven at laſt frae poſt to pillar,
Left by friends wha ne'er prov'd true;
Trick't by knaves, wha pouch'd our filler,
What could worn-out valour do?

Myriads dark, like gathering thunder,
Burſting, ſpread owre land and ſea:
Left alane, alas! nae wonder
Britain's ſons were forc'd to flee!

Croſs the Waal and Yſſel frozen,
Deep through bogs and drifted ſnaw,
Wounded—weak—and ſpent, our choſen
Gallant men now faint and fa'!

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,
Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay,
Without cover, bed, or bedding,
Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay!

In a ſick-houſe, damp and narrow,
(Left behind, wi' hundreds mair,)
See Will neiſt, in pain and ſorrow,
Waſting on a bed o' care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
Doctors cur'd wi' healing art;—
Cur'd, alas!—but never, never
Cool'd the fever at his heart!

For whan a' ware found and ſleeping,
Still and on, baith ear' and late,
Will in briny grief lay ſteeping,
Mourning owre his hapleſs fate!

A' his gowden proſpects vaniſh'd!
A' his dreams o' warlike fame!
A' his glittering phantoms baniſh'd!
Will could think o' nought but hame!

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Think o' nought but rural quiet,
Rural labour, rural ploys;
Far frae carnage, bluid, and riot,
War, and a' its murd'ring joys!

PART III.

BACK to Britain's fertile garden,
Will's return'd, (exchang'd for faes,)
Wi' ae leg, and no a farden,
Friend or credit, meat or claiſe.

Lang through county, burgh, and city,
Crippling on a wooden leg,
Gathering alms frae melting pity,
See! poor Gairlace forc'd to beg!

Plac'd at length on Chelſea's bounty,
Now to langer beg thinks ſhame,
Dreams ance mair o' ſmiling plenty—
Dreams o' former joys, and hame!

Hame! and a' its fond attractions!
Faſt to Will's warm boſom flee;
While the thoughts o' dear connections
Swell his heart and blind his ee.—

'Monſter! wha could ha neglected
'Three ſma' infants and a wife,
'Naked—ſtarving—unprotected!—
'Them, too, dearer ance than life!

'Villain! wha, wi' graceleſs folly,
'Ruin'd her he ought to ſave!—
'Chang'd her joys to melancholy,
'Beggary, and—perhaps a grave!'

Starting!—wi' Remorſe diſtracted—
Cruſh'd wi' Grief's increaſing load,
Up he bang'd; and, fair afflicted,
Sad and ſilent took the road!

Sometimes briſkly, ſometimes flaggin,
Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;
On a cart, or in a waggon,
Hirpling aye towards the North.

Tir'd at e'ening, ſtepping hooly,
Pondering on his thraward fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedleſs, tint his gate.

Saft the ſouthland breeze was blawing,
Sweetly ſigh'd the green ake wood;
Loud the din o' ſtreams faſt fa'ing,
Strack the ear wi' thundering thud:

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting;
Linties ſang on ilka tree;
Frae the Weſt, the ſun, near ſetting,
Flam'd on Roſlin's* towers ſae hie!

Roſlin's towers! and braes ſae bonny!
Craigs and water! woods and glen!
Roſlin's banks! unpeer'd by ony,
Save the muſe's Hawthornden!†

Ilka ſound and charm delighting;
Will (though hardly fit to gang),
Wander'd on through ſcenes inviting,
Liſt'ning to the mavis' ſang.

Faint at length, the day faſt cloſing,
On a fragrant ſtraeberry ſteep,
Elk's ſweet ſtream to reſt compoſing,
Wearied Nature drapt aſleep.

'Soldier, riſe!—the dews o' e'ening
'Gathering fa' wi' deadly ſkaith!—
'Wounded ſoldier! if complaining,
'Sleep nae here and catch your death.

* Roſlin Caſtle.

† The ancient ſeat of the celebrated poet William Drummond, who flouriſhed in 1585.

'Traveller, waken!—night advancing
'Cleads wi' grey the neebo'ring hill;
'Lambs nae mair on knows are dancing—
'A' the woods are mute and ſtill.'

'What hae I,' cried Willie, waking,
'What hae I frae night to dree?
'Morn, through clouds in ſplendour breaking,
'Lights nae bright'ning hope to me.

'Houſe, nor hame, nor farm, nor ſtedding!
'Wife nor bairns hae I to ſee!
'Houſe nor hame, nor bed nor bedding!—
'What hae I frae night to dree?'

'Sair, alas! and ſad and many
'Are the ills poor mortals ſhare!—
'Yet, though hame nor bed ye hae nae,
'Yield nae, Soldier, to deſpair!

'What's this life, ſae wae and wearie,
'If Hope's bright'ning beams ſhould fail?
'See! though night comes, dark and eerie,
'Yon ſma' cot-light cheers the dale!

'There, though walth and waſte ne'er riot,
'Humbler joys their comforts ſhed,
'Labour—health—content and quiet—
'Mourner! there ye'ſe get a bed!

'Wife, 'tis true, wi' bairnies ſmiling,
'There, alas! ye need nae ſeek—
'Yet there bairns, ilk care beguiling,
'Paint wi' ſmiles a mither's cheek!

'A' her earthly pride and pleaſure
'Left to cheer her widow'd lot!
'A' her warldly walth and treaſure
'To adorn her lanely cot!

'Cheer! then, Soldier! 'midſt affliction
'Bright'ning joys will aften ſhine;
'Virtue aye claims Heaven's protection—
'Truſt to Providence divine!'

PART IV.

SWEET as Roſebank's woods and river
Cool, whan ſimmer's ſunbeams dart,
Cam ilk word, and cool'd the fever
That lang burnt at Willie's heart.

Silent ſtept he on, poor fallow!
Liſtening to his guide before,
Owre green know and gowany hallow,
Till they reach'd the cot-houſe door

Laigh it was; yet ſweet, though humble;
Deckt wi' hinnyſuckle round;
Clear below Elk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the ſound.

Melville's towers,* ſae white and ſtately,
Dim by gloaming, glint to view;
Through Laſſwade's dark woods keek ſweetly
Skies ſae red and lift ſae blue!

Entering now, in tranſport mingle
Mither fond and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle,
Bleiſing on a clean hearth ſtane.

'Soldier, welcome!—come! be cheery—
'Here ye'ſe reſt, and tak your bed—
'Faint, waes me! ye ſeem, and weary,
'Pale's your cheek, ſae lately red!'

'Chang'd I am,' ſigh'd Willie till her;
'Chang'd, nae doubt, as chang'd can be;
'Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller
'Nought o' Willie Gairlace ſee?'

Hae ye markt the dews o' morning
Glittering in the ſunny ray,
Quickly fa', whan, without warning,
Rough blaſts cam and ſhook the ſpary?

* Melville Caſtle, the ſeat of the Right Hon. Henry Dundas.

Hae ye ſeen the bird faſt fleeing
Drap, whan pierc'd by Death mair fleet!
Then ſee Jean, wi' colour deeing,
Senſeleſs drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years affliction
(A' their waes now huſh'd to reſt),
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
Claſps her Willie to her breaſt.

Tells him a' her ſad, ſad ſufferings!
How ſhe wander'd, ſtarving poor,
Gleaning Pity's ſcanty offerings,
Wi' three bairns, frae door to door!

How ſhe ſerv'd—and toil'd—and ſever'd,
Loſt her health and ſyne her bread;
How that Grief, whan ſcarce recover'd,
Took her brain and turn'd her head.

How ſhe wander'd round the county
Mony a live-lang night her lane;
Till at laſt an angel's bounty
Brought her ſenſes back again;

Gae her meat—and claiſe—and filler;
Gae her bairnies wark and lear;
Laſtly, gae this cot-houſe till her,
Wi' four ſterling pounds a year!

Willie, heark'ning, wip'd his e'en aye;—
'Oh! what ſins hae I to rue!
'But ſay, wha's this angel, Jeanie?'
'Wha,' quo' Jeanie, 'but Buccleugh!*

'Here, ſupported—cheer'd—and cheriſh'd,
'Nine bleſs'd months I've liv'd and mair;
'Seen theſe infants clad and nouriſh'd,
'Dried my tears and tint deſpair:

'Sometimes ſerving, ſometimes ſpinning,
'Light the laneſome hours gae round;

* The Ducheſs of Buccleugh, the unwearied patroneſs and ſupporter of the afflicted and poor.

'Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinning,
'Brings yon angel's helping pound!'

'Eight pounds mair,' cried Willie, fondly,
'Eight pounds mair will do nae harm!
'And, O Jean! gin friends war kindly,
'Eight pounds ſoon might ſtock a farm.

'There ance mair to thrive by ploughin,
'Freed fra' a' that peace deſtroys,
'Idle waſte and drucken ruin,
'War, and a' its murdering joys!'

Thrice he kiſs'd his lang-loſt treaſure;
Thrice ilk bairn—but could na ſpeak;
Tears o' luve, and hope, and pleaſure,
Stream'd in ſilence down his cheek!

ELEGY.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

'DARK gathering clouds involve the threat'ning skies,
'The ſea heaves conſcious of th' impending gloom,
'Deep hollow murmurs from the cliffs ariſe:
'They come—the Spirits of the Tempeſt come!

'O may ſuch terrors mark th' approaching night,
'As reign'd on that theſe ſtreaming eyes deplore!
'Flaſh, ye red fires of heaven, with fatal light,
'And with conflicting winds, ye waters roar!

'Loud and more loud, ye foaming billows, burſt!
'Ye warring elements, more fiercely rave!
'Till the wide waves o'erwhelm the ſpot accurs'd,
'Where ruthleſs Av'rice finds a quiet grave!'

Thus, with claſp'd hands, wild looks, and ſtreaming hair,
While ſhrieks of horror broke her trembling ſpeech,
A wretched maid, the victim of deſpair,
Survey'd the threat'ning ſtorm, and deſert beach.

THE STORM SCENE.

Then to the tomb, where now the father slept,
Whose rugged nature bade her sorrows flow,
Frantic she turn'd—and beat her breast, and wept,
Invoking vengeance on the dust below.

'Lo! rising there above each humbler heap,
'Yon cypher'd stone his name and wealth relate;
'Who gave his son, remorseless, to the deep,
'While I, his living victim, curse my fate.

'O my lost love! no tomb is plac'd for thee,
'That may to strangers' eyes thy worth impart;
'Thou hast no grave but in the stormy sea,
'And no memorial but this breaking heart!

'Forth to the world a widow'd wanderer driven,
'I pour to winds and waves th' unheeded tear,
'Try, with vain effort, to submit to heaven,
'And fruitless call on "HIM who cannot hear."

'Oh! might I fondly clasp him once again,
'While o'er my head th' infuriate billows pour,
'Forget in death this agonizing pain,
'And feel his father's cruelty no more!

'Part, raging waters! part, and shew beneath,
'In your dread caves, his pale and mangled form;
'Now, while the dæmons of despair and death
'Ride on the blast, and urge the howling storm!

'Lo! by the lightning's momentary blaze,
'I see him rise the whitening waves above,
'No longer such as when in happier days,
'He gave the enchanted hours—to me and love:

'Such as when daring the enchased sea,
'And courting dangerous toil, he often said,
'That every peril, one soft smile from me,
'One sigh of speechless tenderness, o'erpaid:

'But dead, disfigur'd, while between the roar
'Of the loud waves his accents pierce mine ear,
'And seem to say—'Ah, wretch! delay no more,
'But come, unhappy mourner—meet me here.'

'Yet powerful Fancy, bid the phantom stay;
'Still let me hear him!—'Tis already past;
'Along the waves his shadow glides away,
'I lose his voice amid the deafening blast.

'Ah! wild illuſion, born of frantic pain!
'He hears not, comes not from his watry bed,
'My tears, my anguiſh, my deſpair are vain—
'Th' inſatiate ocean gives not up its dead.

'Tis not his voice! Hark! the deep thunders roll;
'Upheaves the ground; the rocky barriers fail;
'Approach, ye horrors that delight my ſoul,
'Deſpair, and Death, and Deſolation, hail!

'The Ocean hears—th' embodied waters come,
'Riſe o'er the land, and with reſiſtleſs ſweep,
'Tear from its baſe the proud aggreſſor's tomb,
'And bear the injur'd to eternal ſleep!'

THE GIPSEY WANDERER,

A BALLAD.

Founded on a real Occurrence.

'TWAS night, and the Farmer his fireſide near,
O'er a pipe quaff'd his ale, ſtout and old;
The hinds were in bed, when a voice ſtruck his ear,
"Let me in, I beſeech you!" juſt ſo ran the pray'r—
"Let me in!—I am dying with cold!"

To his ſervant, the Farmer cried—"SUE, move thy feet,
"Admit the poor wretch from the ſtorm;
"For our chimney will not loſe a jot of its heat,
"Altho' the night wand'rer may there find a ſeat,
"And beſide our wood embers grow warm."

At that inſtant a Gipſey Girl, humble in pace—
Bent before him his pity to crave:
He, ſtarting, exclaim'd, "Wicked fiend, quit this place!
"A parent's curſe light on the whole Gipſey race!
"They have bow'd me almoſt to the grave!"

"Good Sir, as our tribe paſs'd the church-yard below,
"I juſt paus'd the tuft graves to ſurvey:—
"I *fancied* the ſpot where my mother lies low,
"When ſuddenly came on a thick fall of ſnow—
"And I know not a ſtep of my way."

" This is craft!"—cried the Farmer, "If I judge aright,
" I ſuſpect thy curs'd gang may be near:
" Thou would'ſt open the doors to the ruffians of night,
" Thy eyes o'er the plunder now rove with delight,
" And on ME with ſly treach'ry leer!

With a ſhriek on the floor, the young *Gipſey-Girl* fell;
" Help! cried Suſan, " your child to uprear!
" Your long-ſtolen child!—ſhe remembers you well,
" And the terrors and joys in her boſom which ſwell,
" Are too mighty for nature to bear!"

MARIA.

FROM MELROSE ALBUM.

[A gentleman of refined underſtanding was deeply enamoured with a lady conſiderably elder than himſelf, but his ſuit was rejected, becauſe ſhe ſuppoſed that a diſparity in their ages would tend to ſour the happineſs of the married ſtate. After being forbid to hope that they ever ſhould be united, the gentleman wrote the following lines to her, and with that ſenſe and feeling which characterized all her conduct, ſhe no longer doubted the ſincerity of his attachment, or a continuance of affection from a man who was poſſeſſed of that fine underſtanding and high feeling that could produce theſe ſtanzas:—]

THAT paſſionate fondneſs which beauty inſpires,
With the beauty which caus'd it decays and expires,
But nature form'd women with nicer regard,
The heart to refine and the ſoul to reward;
They have virtues to copy, affections to ſhare—
We may tenderly love them, yet fondly revere.

The Bard whom *the charms* of Maria inſpire,
Who draws from his ſubject applauſe for his lyre,
May tenderly ſigh, when ſome ſummers are o'er,
And he finds (as he thinks) that her charms are no more:
I with eyes that look deeper, more kindly can ſee—
And Maria ſhould ſtill be Maria to me.

Her cheek the warm roſe may no longer diſplay—
But can age with the roſe ſteal the dimple away?—
Her eye with a luſtre leſs brilliant may ſeem,
But more ſweetly ſhall pour forth affection's ſoft beam;
That luſtre of luſtres there ever ſhall be,
And Maria ſhall ſtill be Maria to me.

The firſt in the dance ſhe no longer may ſhine,
And the joys of the dance ſhall then ceaſe to be mine—
The crowd ſhe no more may with rapture inſpire,
Then I from the crowd will contented retire;
Faſt! faſt! do the leaves fall from pleaſure's gay tree!
But Maria ſhall ſtill be Maria to me.

The bank by the ſtream may be moulder'd away,
But *the rock* ſtands uninjur'd, and knows no decay;
Time her form may deſpoil, but muſt leave me behind—
Her manners, her virtues, her heart, and her mind;
Roll on, then, ye ſummers! no change ſhall ye ſee,
For Maria ſhall ſtill be Maria to me.

EDWIN AND ELLEN.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

HARD by the limpid Conway's murm'ring ſtream
A cottage ſtood, by thickeſt trees ſurrounded;
The creeping vine, o'er lattic'd windows twining,
Gave a ſoft light, when low the ſun declining
Shot o'er the diſtant hills his ſinking beam.

This cot was all its owner's watch and pride:
For in its bounds his ſum of earthly bleſſings
Was all contain'd; kind Nature there beſtowing
A being who, with artleſs beauty glowing,
Shone lovelier far than all her ſex beſide.

Her lip outvied the richeſt tints of art;
Her cheek the roſe's bluſh, the lily's beauty:
Thro' her black downcaſt laſhes, ſoftly ſtealing,
Her ſparkling eyes reveal'd each inmoſt feeling:
And her pure form enſhrin'd as pure a heart.

To Edwin it had vow'd its earlieſt love—
Edwin the tenant of this little cottage;
And he, on his lov'd Ellen fondly ſmiling,
In her dear preſence every care beguiling,
Enjoy'd that bliſs true hearts alone can prove.

But, ah! let none deem earthly bliſs ſecure!
One ev'ning, with his Ellen, Edwin ſtraying,
Taſting the cool and balmy hour of leiſure,
Was preſt by villains from his boſom's treaſure,
And doom'd the keeneſt anguiſh to endure:

In vain did Ellen weep, entreat, implore;
The gang were dead to feeling, and to pity;
From her firm graſp the madd'ning Edwin tearing;
They dragg'd him wounded, dying, and deſpairing,
And from her laſt embrace their victim bore.

Oh! hapleſs Ellen, never will thy ſight
Be bleſt again, with him it lov'd ſo dearly:
Never again, to thoſe ſad eyes returning,
Shall joy for thee awake its roſy morning,
Nor Edwin's ſmiles inſpire a ſoft delight.

In death's cold arms his youthful graces ſleep;
Nor can thy cries diſturb his leaden ſlumbers:
O'er his pale form the whitening ſurge is rolling,
Where, to the ſea-gull's ſcream, the winds are howling,
And o'er the ſhatter'd wreck the lightnings ſweep.

Too ſoon did Ellen hear the fatal tale!
No more her breaking heart its woes ſuſtaining,
She ſoon was laid within her laſt cold dwelling,
While, on the hollow breeze, the death-bell, ſwelling,
In ſolemn cadence echo'd thro' the vale.

Reſt, gentle pair! from this world's cruel wrong:
In other climes ye now receive a bleſſing:
The village bards, round your deſerted dwelling,
Shall tune their harps, the tide of ſorrow ſwelling,
And to your fate and virtues raiſe the ſong.

THE FAITHFUL NEGRO.

BY CHARLOTTE BEVERLEY.

MANGAR, a ſlave—lov'd Sadra as his life,
And wiſh'd to call her by the name of wife;
Their gen'rous maſter—ere too moons had run,
Humanely join'd their tender hearts in one.

Two years had Mangar wed his faithful bride,
When death he call'd—the good old maſter dy'd;
The honeſt black his woolly hair did rend,
For with a maſter—Mangar loſt a friend.

Bending his body o'er the mournful bier,
Paid all the tribute of a grateful tear;
A new ſucceſſor now began to reign,
And took poſſeſſion of the Indian plain.

But, ah! how far unlike the late old chief;
This haughty tyrant fill'd each heart with grief;
Pride and ambition now their entrance found,
And deſolation ſpread new terrors round.

Half of the part of the poor Negro crew
Were ſold for pleaſure—to give place to new;
But ah! my pen, muſt you the tale unfold?
The ſoft—the gentle Sadra—ſhe was ſold.

Dear maſſa! maſſa! cry'd the wretched ſlave,
O! ſell me, maſſa! but my Sadra ſave;
What's all the world to Mangar like theſe charms,
Then inſtant claſp'd her in his faithful arms.

Her tender feeling could not ſtand the teſt,
But ſwooning—ſunk upon her Indian's breaſt;
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſlave was ſtruck with dead ſurpriſe,
Firſt view'd his wife—then rais'd to heav'n his eyes.

His quiv'ring lips attempted to expreſs
In vain—the anguiſh of his deep diſtreſs;
Great ſun aſſiſt my ſorrow—help to quell—
He reel'd—he ſtagger'd—and together fell.

With unconcern ſtood by the callous chief,
And view'd them lock'd in fell deſpair and grief;
For inſtant calling to his ſavage crew,
Gave the command to bear them from his view.

Take hence the wretch—and to the ſhip convey,
But tell the negro I require *his* ſtay!
Quick from his arms his ſenſeleſs mate they bore,
And dragg'd her ſtraightway to the bleaky ſhore.

The ready ſhip receiv'd its victim'd hoſt,
Spread her broad ſails and left th' Indian coaſt;
Nature the ſlave his ſenſes did reſtore,
He gaz'd around—but Sadra was no more.

Then wildly ſtarting—ſearch'd each crevice round,
And frantic daſh'd his body to the ground;
Ah, ſun! he cry'd, me mind not whip nor chain,
To what me feel within my aching brain.

And have they ſent my Sadra then away?
And do they think that Mangar here will ſtay?
No! come forth knife—your kind aſſiſtance lend,
And prove for once the negro's only friend.

No more my Sadra—world—me bid adieu,
Tho' maſſa's falſe—yet Mangar he is true;
Scarcely the ſlave had theſe words expreſs'd,
But plung'd the friendly ſteel into his breaſt.

'Tis done, my Sadra! yes, the deed is o'er,
Now, now we'll meet—we'll meet to part no more;
The fainting negro languid, ſmil'd and ſigh'd,
And ſault'ring Mangar bow'd him down and dy'd.

THE OLD BEGGAR.

BY MRS ROBINSON.

DO you ſee the Old Beggar who ſits at yon gate—
With his beard ſilver'd over like ſnow?
Tho' he ſmiles as he meets the keen arrows of Fate,
Still his boſom is wearied with woe.

Many years has he ſat at the foot of the hill,
Many days ſeen the ſummer ſun riſe;
And at evening the traveller paſſes him ſtill,
While the ſhadows ſteal over the ſkies.

How mild is his aſpect—how modeſt his eye—
How meekly his ſoul bears each wrong!
How much does he ſpeak, by his eloquent ſigh,
Tho' no accent is heard from his tongue.

Time was when this Beggar, in martial trim dight,
Was as bold as the chief of his throng;
When he march'd thro' the ſtorms of the day or the night,
And ſtill ſmil'd as he journey'd along.—

Then his form was athletic; his eyes vivid glance,
Spoke the luſtre of youth's glowing day!
And the village all mark'd, in the combat and dance,
The brave younker ſtill valiant as gay.

When the prize was propos'd, how his footſteps would bound,
While the MAID *of his heart* led the throng;
While the ribbands that circled the May-pole around
Wav'd the trophies of garlands among.

But Love o'er his boſom triumphantly reign'd,
Love taught him in ſecret to pine:—
Love waſted his youth, yet he never complain'd—
For the *ſilence of Love*—is divine.

Amidſt the loud din of the battle he ſtood
Like a Lion, undaunted and ſtrong;
But the tear of compaſſion was mingled with blood,
When his ſword was the firſt in the throng.

When the bullet whizz'd by, and his arm bore away,
Still he ſhrunk not, with anguiſh oppreſt;
And when Victory ſhouted the fate of the day,
Not a groan check'd the joy of his breaſt.—

To his dear native ſhore the poor wanderer hied,
But he came to complete his deſpair;
For the maid of his ſoul was that morning *a bride*,
And a gay, *lordly rival* was there.

From that hour, o'er the world he has wander'd forlorn,
But ſtill Love his companion would go;
And tho' deeply fond Memory planted its thorn,
Still he ſilently cheriſh'd his woe!

See him now, while with age and with ſorrow oppreſt,
He the gate opens ſlowly, and ſighs!
See him drop the big tears on his woe-wither'd breaſt,
The big tears—that fall faſt from his eyes!

See his habit all tatter'd, his ſhrivell'd cheek pale,
See his locks, waving thin, in the air;
See his lips are half froze with the ſharp-cutting gale,
And his head, o'er the temples, all bare.

His eye-beam no longer in luſtre diſplays
The warm ſunſhine that viſits his breaſt;
For deep ſunk is its orbit, and darken'd its rays,
And he ſighs—for the Grave's ſilent reſt.

See the TEAR which, imploring, is fearful to roll,
Tho' in ſilence he bows as you ſtray;
'Tis the eloquent ſilence which ſpeaks to the ſoul,
'Tis the *ſtar* of his *ſlow-ſetting day!*

Perchance, ere the May-bloſſoms cheerfully wave,
Ere the zephyrs of Summer ſoft ſigh,
The ſun-beams ſhall dance on the graſs o'er his grave,
And his journey be mark'd—TO THE SKY!

THE SOLDIER's DREAM.

BY MR CAMPBELL.

OUR bugles had rung, for the night cloud had low'r'd,
And the ſentinel ſtars ſet their watch in the ſky,
And thouſands had ſunk on the ground overpow'r'd,
The weary to ſleep, and the wounded to die!

When repoſing that night on my pallet of ſtraw,
By the wolf-fearing faggot that guarded the ſlain,
At the dead of the night a ſweet viſion I ſaw,
And twice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roam'd on a deſolate track,
'Till nature and ſunſhine diſclos'd the ſweet way,
To the houſe of my father that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleaſant fields travell'd ſo oft,
In life's morning march when my boſom was young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the ſtrain that the corn-reapers ſung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly we ſwore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiſs'd me a thouſand times o'er,
And my wife ſobb'd aloud in the fulneſs of heart.

Stay! ſtay with us—reſt; thou art weary and worn;
And fain was the war-broken ſoldier to ſtay;
But ſorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice of my dreaming ear melted away!

THE FOREST BOY.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE trees have now hid, at the edge of the hurſt,
The ſpot where the ruins decay
Of the cottage, where Will of the Woodland was nurs'd,
And liv'd ſo belov'd, till the moment accurſt
When he went from the woodland away.

Among all the lads of the plough or the fold,
Beſt eſteem'd by the ſober and good,
Was Will of the woodlands; and often the old
Would tell of his frolics, for active and bold
Was William the boy of the wood.

Yet gentle was he as the breath of the May,
And when ſick and declining was laid
whe woodman his father, young William away
Would go to the foreſt to labour all day,
And perform his hard taſk in his ſtead.

And when his poor father the foreſter died,
And his mother was ſad and alone,
He toil'd from the dawn, and at evening he hied,
In ſtorm or in ſnow, or whate'er might betide,
To ſupply all her wants from the town,

One neighbour they had on the heath to the weſt,
And no other the cottage was near,
But ſhe would ſend Phœbe, the child ſhe lov'd beſt,
To ſtay with the widow, thus ſad and diſtreſt,
Her hours of dejection to cheer.

As the buds of the roſes, the cheeks of the maid
  Were juſt tinted with youth's lovely hue;
Her form, like the aſpen, wild graces diſplay'd,
And the eyes, over which her luxuriant locks ſtray'd,
  As the ſkies of the ſummer were blue.

Still labouring to live, yet reflecting the while,
  Young William conſider'd his lot;
'Twas hard, yet 'twas honeſt; and one tender ſmile
From Phœbe at night overpaid all his toil,
  And then all his fatigues were forgot.

By the brook where it glides thro' the copſe of Arbeal,
  When to eat his cold fare he reclin'd,
Then ſoft from her home his ſweet Phœbe would ſteal,
And bring him wood-ſtrawberries to finiſh his meal,
  And would ſit by his ſide while he din'd.

And tho' when employ'd in the deep foreſt glade,
  His days have ſeem'd ſlowly to move,
Yet Phœbe going home, thro' the wood-walk has ſtray'd
To bid him good-night!—and whatever ſhe ſaid
  Was more ſweet than the voice of the dove.

Fair Hope, that the lover ſo fondly believes,
  Then repeated each ſoul-ſoothing ſpeech,
And touch'd with illuſion, that often deceives
The future with light; as the ſun thro' the leaves
  Illumines the boughs of the beach.

But once more the tempeſts of chill winter blow,
  To depreſs and disfigure the earth;
And now, ere the dawn, the young woodman muſt go
To work in the foreſt half buried with ſnow,
  And at night bring home wood for the hearth.

The bridge on the heath by the flood was waſh'd down,
  And faſt fell the ſleet and the rain,
The ſtream to a wide rapid river was grown,
And long might the widow ſit ſighing alone,
  Ere ſweet Phœbe could ſee her again.

At the town was a market—and now for ſupplies
  Such as needed her humble abode,
Young William went forth; and his mother with ſighs
Watch'd long at the window, with tears in her eyes,
  Till he turn'd thro' the fields to the road.

Then darkneſs came on; and ſhe heard with affright
The wind every moment more high;
She look'd from the door—not a ſtar lent its light,
But the tempeſt redoubled the gloom of the night,
And the rain pour'd in ſheets from the ſky.

The clock in her cottage now mournfully told
The hours that went heavily one;
'Twas midnight; her ſpirits ſunk hopeleſs and cold,
And it ſeem'd as each blaſt of wind fearfully told,
That long, long would her William be gone!

Then heart-ſick and faint to her ſad bed ſhe crept,
Yet firſt made up the fire in the room,
To guide his dark ſteps; but ſhe liſten'd and wept,
Or if for a moment forgetful ſhe ſlept,
Soon ſhe ſtarted!—and thought he was come.

'Twas morn; and the wind, with a hoarſe ſullen moan,
Now ſeem'd dying away in the wood,
When the poor wretched mother, ſtill drooping alone,
Beheld on the threſhold a figure unknown,
In gorgeous apparel who ſtood.

"Your ſon is a ſoldier," abruptly cried he,
"And a place in our corps has obtain'd;
Nay, be not caſt down, you perhaps may ſoon ſee
Your William a captain; he now ſends by me
The purſe he already has gain'd."

So William entrapp'd, 'twixt perſuaſion and force,
Is embark'd for the iſles of the weſt,
But he ſeems to begin with ill omens his courſe,
And felt recollection, regret, and remorſe,
Continually weigh on his breaſt.

With uſeleſs repentance he eagerly eyed
The high coaſt as it faded from view,
And ſaw the green hills, on whoſe northermoſt ſide
Was his own ſylvan home, and he faulter'd and cried,
"Adieu! ah! for ever adieu!

"Who now, my poor mother, thy life ſhall ſuſtain,
Since thy ſon has thus left thee forlorn?
Ah! canſt thou forgive me? and not in the pain
Of this cruel deſertion of William complain,
And lament that he ever was born?

" Sweet Phœbe!—if ever thy lover was dear,
Now forſake not the cottage of woe,
But comfort my mother, and quiet her fear,
And help her to dry up the vain fruitleſs tear
That too long for my abſence will flow.

" Yet what if my Phœbe another ſhould wed,
And lament her loſt William no more?"
The thought was too cruel; and anguiſh now led
The dart of diſeaſe—with the brave numerous dead
He has fallen on the plague-tainted ſhore.

In the lone village church-yard, the chancel-wall near,
High graſs now waves over the ſpot,
Where the mother of William, unable to bear
His loſs, who to her widow'd heart was ſo dear,
Has both him and her ſorrows forgot.

By the brook where it winds thro' the wood of Arbeal,
Or amid the deep foreſt to roam,
The poor wandering Phœbe will ſilently ſteal;
The pain of her boſom no reaſon can heal,
And ſhe loves to indulge it alone.

Her ſenſes are injured; her eyes dim with tears;
She ſits by the river and weaves
Reed garlands, againſt her dear William appears,
Then breathleſsly liſtens, and fancies ſhe hears
His ſteps in the half-wither'd leaves.

Ah! ſuch are the miſeries to which ye give birth,
Ye ſtateſmen! ne'er dreading a ſcar;
Who, from pict'ur'd ſaloon, or the bright-ſculptur'd hearth,
Diſperſe deſolation and death thro' the earth,
When ye let looſe the demons of war.

ELEGY

Written in a Country Church-Yard.

BY GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their Sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare,

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

VIEW OF A CHURCH-YARD.

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbad; nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride,
With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life,
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around the ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires:

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreaths its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
'Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miſs'd him on the 'cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

'The next, with dirges due, in ſad array,
'Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne;
'Approach, and read (for thou canſt read) the lay
'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere.
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had—a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady—ſtay, for mercy's ſake,
And hear a helpleſs orphan's tale:
Ah, ſure my looks muſt pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek ſo pale!
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy:
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor, fooliſh child! how pleas'd was I
When news of Nelſon's victʼry came,
Along the crowded ſtreets to fly,
To ſee the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother ſought—
She could not bear to ſee my joy!
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's ſhouts were long and loud;
My mother, ſhudd'ring, cloſ'd her ears:
"Rejoice! rejoice!" ſtill cried the crowd—
My mother anſwer'd with her tears!
"Oh! why do tears ſteal down your cheeks,"
Cried I, "while others ſhout for joy?"
She kiſs'd me, and, in accents weak,
She call'd me her poor orphan boy!

"What is an orphan boy?" I ſaid;
When ſuddenly ſhe gaſp'd for breath,
And her eyes cloſ'd! I ſhriek'd for aid:—
But, ah! her eyes were cloſ'd for death!
My hardſhips ſince I will not tell:
But now, no more a parent's joy;
Ah! lady, I have learnt too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed!
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Truſt me, I mean to earn my bread—
The ſailor's orphan boy has pride.

" Lady, you weep :—what is't you ſay ?
You'll give me cloathing, food, employ !"
Look down, dear parents! look, and ſee
Your happy, happy orphan boy !

LINES

By the Author of the " Pleaſures of Hope."

AS wand'ring, I found, on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-ſtone aged and green,
One roſe of the wilderneſs left on its ſtalk,
To mark where a garden had been ;
Like a brotherleſs Hermit, the laſt of its race,
All wild in the ſilence of nature, it drew
From each wand'ring ſun-beam a lonely embrace ;
For the night-weed and thorn overſhadow'd the place
Where the flow'r of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderneſs! Emblem of all
That ſurvives in this deſolate heart !
The fabric of Bliſs to its centre may fall,
But Patience ſhall never depart :
Tho' the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of deluſion by fancy combin'd
With the vaniſhing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my ſoul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a deſart behind.

THE BABE.

'TWAS on a cliff, whoſe rocky baſe
Baffled the briny wave;
Whoſe cultur'd heights their verdant ſtore
To many tenant gave;

A mother, led by ruſtic cares,
Had wander'd with her child ;
Unwean'd the babe—yet on the graſs
He frolic'd and he ſmil'd.

With what delight the mother glow'd
To mark the infant's joy;
How oft would pauſe, amidſt her toil,
To contemplate her boy.

Yet ſoon, by other cares eſtrang'd,
Her thoughts the child forſook;
Careleſs he wanton'd on the ground,
Nor caught his mother's look.

Cropt was each flow'r that caught his eye,
'Till, ſcrambling o'er the green,
He gain'd the cliff's unſhelter'd edge,
And pleas'd ſurvey'd the ſcene.

'Twas now the mother, from her toil,
Turn'd to ſurvey the child—
The urchin gone!—her cheeks were fluſh'd—
Her wand'ring eye was wild!

She ſaw him on the cliff's rude brink—
Now careleſs peeping o'er—
He turn'd, and to his mother ſmil'd,—
Then ſported as before.

Sunk was her voice—'twas vain to fly—
'Twas vain the brink to brave—
Oh, Nature! it was thine alone
To prompt the means to ſave!

She tore the 'kerchief from her breaſt,
And laid her boſom bare:
He ſaw delighted—left the brink—
And ſought to banquet there.

THE MANIAC.

BY C. LLOYD.

THOSE geſtures ſo wild and forlorn,
Thoſe looks uninform'd by the ſoul,
Thoſe wrinkles expreſſive of ſcorn,
Thoſe eyeballs that vacantly roll;

Thoſe garments that negligent hang,
That pace ſo unequal and flow,
They tell of a paſt-ſuffer'd pang,
Yet of feelings now callous to woe!

Thoſe ſighs, that ſo piteouſly ſwell,
Heave a breaſt all unconſcious of ſtrife!
Thoſe tears that unwittingly fell,
They drain not the fluices of life.

That boſom expoſed and bare,
It ſolicits the pitileſs blaſt;
That form, unprotected by care,
On the cold earth is heedleſsly caſt.

Yet that form ſo neglected and wan,
Which no friend ſhall aſſiduouſly nurſe,
It forgets that its title is—man!
And cancels humanity's curſe!

Poor maniac! I envy thy ſtate,
When with ſorrow and anguiſh I ſhrink;
When ſhall I BE WISE and forget!
For 'tis MADNESS to feel and to think.

Theſe throbs of emotion, 'tis true,
They appear all enchanting and fair;
But how ſoon ſhall we piteouſly rue,
That the charm was in league with deſpair.

And hope, that diſeaſe of the mind,
Which awakes the keen throb of deſire,
Alas! what a blank ſhall it find,
When its fondly-ſhipp'd tranſports expire!

What a blank ſhall it find!—when in youth
The credulous feelings can bleſs;
We wiſh and imagine it truth,
We dream, and believe we poſſeſs.

But the tears which voluptuouſly ſtart,
The charm of the unſpeakable ſigh,
The rapture that ſeizes the heart,
When a kindred companion is nigh;

The immortal aſpirings of worth,
Are feelings all fruitleſsly given!
Theſe feelings muſt periſh on earth,
And they ſcarcely are fabled in heav'n!

THE EMIGRANT.

A POEM.

BY THE HON. HENRY ERSKINE.

" Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva,
" Nos patriam fugimus—" VIRGIL.
" We leave our country and our native plains."

FAST by the margin of a mossy rill,
That wandered, gurgling, down a heath-clad hill,
An ancient shepherd stood, oppress'd with woe,
And ey'd the ocean's flood that foam'd below;
Where, gently rocking on the rising tide,
A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride.
Unwonted! well I ween; for ne'er before
Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore;
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.
His few remaining hairs were silver gray,
And his rough face had seen a better day.
Around him, bleating, stray d a scanty flock,
And a few goats o'erhung the neighbouring rock.
One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share,
And strove, with many tricks, to ease his care.
While o'er his furrow d cheeks the salt drops ran,
He tun'd his rustic reed, and thus began:

" Farewel! farewel! dear Caledonia's strand,
Rough though thou be, yet still my native land:
Exil'd from thee, I seek a foreign shore,
Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more:
By hard oppression driv'n, my helpless age,
That should e er now have left life's bustling stage,
Is forc'd the ocean's boist'rous breast to brave,
In a far foreign land to seek a grave.

" And must I leave thee, then, my little cot?
Mine and my father's poor, but happy lot,

Where I have paſs'd, in innocence, away
Year after year till age has turn'd me gray?

"Thou, dear companion of my happier life,
Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife!
'Twas here you rear'd, with fond maternal pride,
Five comely ſons: three for their country died!
Two ſtill remain, ſad remnant of the wars,
Without one mark of honour but their ſcars;
They live to ſee their ſire denied a grave
In lands his much-lov'd children died to ſave:
Yet ſtill in peace and ſafety did we live,
In peace and ſafety more than wealth can give.
My two remaining boys, with ſturdy hands,
Rear'd the ſcant produce of our niggard lands:
Scant as it was, no more our hearts deſir'd,
No more from us our generous lord requir'd.

"But ah, ſad change! thoſe bleſſed days are o'er,
And peace, content, and ſafety, charm no more:
Another lord now rules thoſe wide domains,
The avaricious tyrant of the plains;
Far, far from hence, he revels life away,
In guilty pleaſures our poor means muſt pay.
The moſſy plains, the mountain's barren brow,
Muſt now be tortur'd by the tearing plough,
And, ſpite of nature, crops be taught to riſe,
Which to theſe northern climes wiſe Heaven denies.
In vain, with ſweating brow and weary hands,
We ſtrive to earn the gold our lord demands,
While cold and hunger, and the dungeon's gloom,
Await our failure as its certain doom.

"To ſhun theſe ills that threat my hoary head,
I ſeek in foreign lands precarious bread;
Forc'd, tho' my helpleſs age from guilt be pure,
The pangs of baniſh'd felons to endure;
And all becauſe thoſe hands have vainly try'd
To force from art what nature has deny'd;
Becauſe my little all will not ſuffice
To pay the inſatiate claims of avarice.

" In vain of richer climates I am told,
Whose hills are rich in gems, whose streams are gold;
I am contented here, I ne'er have seen
A vale more fertile, nor a hill more green;
Nor would I leave this sweet, though humble cot,
To share the richest monarch's envied lot;
O would to Heaven th' alternative were mine,
Abroad to thrive, or here in want to pine,
Soon would I chuse: But, e'er to morrow's sun
Has o'er my head his radiant journey run,
I shall be robb'd by what they JUSTICE call,
By legal ruffians, of my little all;
Driv'n out to hunger, nakedness and grief,
Without one pitying hand to bring relief.
Then come, oh! sad alternative to chuse,
Come, banishment, I will no more refuse;
Go where I may, nor billows, rocks, nor wind,
Can add of horror to my tortur'd mind.

" On whatsoever coast I may be thrown,
No lord can use me harder than my own;
Even they who tear the limbs and drink the gore
Of helpless strangers, what can they do more?

" For thee, insatiate chief! whose ruthless hand
For ever drives me from my native land;
For thee I leave no greater curse behind
Than the fell bodings of a guilty mind;
Or, what were harder to a soul like thine,
To find from avarice thy wealth decline.

" For you, my friends and neighbours of the vale,
Who now with kindly tears my fate bewail,
Soon may our king, whose breast paternal glow
With tenderest feelings for his people's woe;
Soon may the rulers of this mighty land,
To ease your sorrows, stretch the helping hand,
Else soon, too soon, your helpless fate shall be
Like me to suffer, to depart like me!

" On your dear native land from whence I part,
Rest the best blessing of a broken heart.

If in ſome future hour the foe ſhould land
His hoſtile legions on Britannia's ſtrand,
May ſhe not then the alarum ſound in vain,
Nor miſs her baniſh'd thouſands on the plain.

"Feed on, my ſheep, for though depriv'd of me,
My cruel foes ſhall your protectors be;
For their own ſakes ſhall pen your ſtraggling flocks,
And ſave your lambkins from the rav'ning fox.

"Feed on, my goats, another now ſhall drain
Your ſtreams that heal diſeaſe and ſoften pain:
No ſtreams, alas! can ever ever flow,
To heal your maſter's heart, or ſoothe his woe.

"Feed on, my flocks; ye harmleſs people, feed;
The worſt that ye can ſuffer is to bleed.
O! that the murderer's ſteel were all my fear,
How fondly would I ſtay to periſh here!—
But, hark! my ſons loud call me from the vale,
And, lo! the veſſel ſpreads her ſwelling ſail.
Farewel! farewel!"—Awhile his hands he wrung,
And o'er his crook in ſpeechleſs ſorrow hung;
Then, caſting many a ling'ring look behind,
Down the ſteep mountain's brow began to wind.

SUPERANNUATED HORSE

TO HIS MASTER,

WHO HAD SENTENCED HIM TO DIE AT THE END OF SUMMER.

AND haſt thou fix'd my doom, ſweet maſter, ſay?
And wilt thou kill thy ſervant old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray;
A little longer hobble round thy door!

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And houſe me in this hoſpitable ſhed:
It glads me more to ſee my maſter's face,
And linger on the ſpot where I was bred.

For oh! to think of what we have enjoy'd,
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!
Then from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious maſter on my back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danc'd on down along,
Since firſt to thee theſe way-worn limbs I gave;
Sweet, ſmiling years! when both of us were young,
The kindeſt maſter, and the happieſt ſlave!

Ah, years ſweet ſmiling! now for ever flown!
Ten years, thrice told, alas! are as a day!
Yet as together we are aged grown,
Together let us wear that age away.

For ſtill the older times are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;
Light were our hearts, and every ſeaſon brought
Pains that were ſoft, or pleaſures that were new.

Ah! call to mind, how oft, near Searing's ſtream,
My ready ſteps were bent to yonder grove,
Where ſhe who lov'd thee was thy tender theme,
And I thy more than meſſenger of love!

For when thy doubting heart felt fond alarms,
And throbb'd alternate with its hope and fear,
Did I not bear thee to thy fond one's arms,
Aſſure thy faith, and dry up every tear?

And haſt thou fix'd my doom, ſweet maſter, ſay?
And wilt thou kill thy ſervant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door!

Yet ah! in vain, in vain for life I plead,
If Nature hath deny'd a longer date:
Still do not thou behold thy ſervant bleed,
Tho' weeping Pity has decreed his fate.

But O, kind Nature! take thy victim's life!
End thou a ſervant, feeble, old, and poor!
So ſhalt though ſave we from th' uplifted knife,
And gently ſtretch me at my maſter's door.

THE SLAVE.

WIDE o'er the tremulous ſea,
The moon ſpread her mantle of light,
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breathed ſoft on the boſom of Night.

On the forecaſtle Maratan ſtood,
And pour'd forth his ſorrowful tale;
His tears fell unſeen in the flood,
His ſighs paſs'd unheard in the gale.

'Ah, wretch!' in wild anguiſh, he cry'd,
'From country and liberty torn!
'Ah, Maratan! would thou hadſt died,
'Ere o'er the ſalt waves thou wert borne!

'Thro' the groves of Angola I ſtray'd,
'Love and Hope made my boſom their home,
'There talk'd with my favourite maid,
'Nor dreamt of the ſorrow to come.

'From the thicket the man-hunter ſprung,
'My cries echoed loud through the air;
'There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
'He was deaf to the voice of deſpair.

'Accurs'd be the mercileſs band,
'That his love could from Maratan tear;
'And blaſted this impotent hand,
'That ſever'd from all I held dear.

'Flow ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
'Still let ſleep from my eyelids depart;
'And ſtill may the arrows of woe
'Drink deep of the ſtream of my heart.

'But hark! o'er the ſilence of night
'My Adila's accents I hear;
'And mournful, beneath the wan light,
'I ſee her lov'd image appear.'

Slow o'er the ſmooth ocean ſhe glides,
As the miſt that hangs light on the wave;
And fondly her lover ſhe chides,
Who lingers ſo long from his grave.

'Oh, Maratan! haſte thee,' ſhe cries,
'Here the reign of oppreſſion is o'er;
'The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
'And Adila ſorrows no more.'

Now ſinking amidſt the dim ray,
Her form ſeems to fade on my view:
O! ſtay thee, my Adila, ſtay!
She beckons, and I muſt purſue.

To morrow the white man, in vain,
Shall proudly account me his ſlave:
My ſhackles I plunge in the main,
And ruſh to the realms of the brave!

A BETH GELERT;

Or, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

[The ſtory of this ballad is traditional in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewellyn had a houſe; the greyhound, named Gelert, was given him by his father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205 and the place to this day is called Beth Gelert, or The Grave of Gelert.]

THE ſpearman heard the bugle ſound,
And cheerly ſmil'd the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And ſtill he blew a louder blaſt,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come Gelert, why art thou the laſt
"Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"O where does faithful Gelert roam,
"The flow'r of all his race:
"So true, ſo brave a lamb at home—
"A lion in the chace!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he ſerv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And ſentinel'd his bed.

In ſooth he was a peerleſs hound,
The gift of royal John:
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chaſe rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings riſe,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells,
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little lov'd
The chace of hart or hare,
And ſcant and ſmall the booty prov'd,
For Gelert was not there.

Upleas'd, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal ſeat,
His truant Gelert he eſpied,
Bounding his Lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his caſtle door,
Aghaſt the chieftain ſtood;
The hound was ſmear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gaz'd with wild ſurprize,
Unus'd ſuch looks to meet;
His favorite check'd his joyful guiſe,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haſte Llewellyn paſs'd,
(And on went Gelert too,)
And ſtill, where'er his eyes were caſt,
Freſh blood-gouts ſhock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed, he found
The blood-ſtain'd covert rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood beſprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He ſearch'd—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every ſide,
But no where found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!"
The frantic father cry'd,
And to the hilt his vengeful ſword
He plung'd in Gelert's ſide.

His ſuppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But ſtill his Gelert's dying yell
Paſs'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some ſlumberer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangl'd heap,
His hurried ſearch had miſs'd;
All glowing from his roſy ſleep,
His cherub boy he kiſs'd!

Nor ſcratch had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the ſame couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous ſtill in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had ſlain,
To ſave Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe:
"Beſt of thy kind, adieu!
"The frantic deed which laid thee low,
"This heart ſhall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raiſe,
With coſtly ſculpture deckt;
And marbles, ſtoried with his praiſe,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the ſpearman paſs,
Or foreſter, unmov'd;
Here oft the tear-beſprinkl'd graſs
Llewellyn's ſorrow prov'd.

And here he hung his horn and ſpear;
And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing ſounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

THE CASTAWAY.

The following affecting little poem, founded on an incident that occurred during Commodore Anſon's voyage, will be deemed intereſting, as the laſt production of the author of "The TASK."

OBSCUREST night involv'd the ſky,
Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,
When ſuch a deſtin'd wretch as I,
Waſh'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boaſt
Than he with whom he went;
Nor ever ſhip left Albion's coaſt,
With warmer wiſhes ſent:
He lov'd them both, but both in vain;
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelmning brine,
Expert to ſwim, he lay;
Nor ſoon he felt his ſtrength decline,
Or courage die away:
But wag'd with death a laſting ſtrife,
Supported by deſpair of life.

He ſhouted; nor his friends had fail'd
To check the veſſel's courſe,
But ſo the furious blaſt prevail'd,
That, pitileſs perforce,
They left their outcaſt mate behind,
And ſcudded ſtill before the wind.

Some ſuccour yet they could afford;
And ſuch as ſtorms allow,
The caſk, the coup, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to beſtow:
But he, they knew, nor ſhip, nor ſhore,
Whate'er they gave, ſhould viſit more.

Nor, cruel as it ſeem'd, could he
Their haſte himſelf condemn,
Aware that flight in ſuch a ſea,
Alone could reſcue them;
Yet bitter felt it ſtill to die
Deſerted, and his friends ſo nigh!

He long ſurvives, who lives an hour
In ocean, ſelf-upheld:
And ſo long he, with unſpent power,
His deſtiny repell'd:
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—"Adieu!"

At length, his tranſient reſpite paſt,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blaſt,
Could catch the ſound no more:
For then, by toil ſubdued, he drank
The ſtifling wave, and then he ſank.

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative ſincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anſon's tear:
And tears, by bards or heroes ſhed,
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpoſe not, nor dream,
Deſcanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But miſery ſtill delights to trace
Its ſemblance in another's caſe.

No voice divine the ſtorm allay'd,
No light propitious ſhone,
When, ſnatch'd from all effectual aid,
We periſh'd, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher ſea,
And 'whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he!

THE PARISH POORHOUSE.

BY CRABBE.

THEIRS is yon houſe that holds the pariſh poor,
Whoſe walls of mud ſcarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care,
Parents who know no children's love dwell there;
Heart broken matrons on their joyleſs bed,
Forſaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears!
The lame, the blind and (far the happieſt they!)
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the ſick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the ſcenes of grief, to grieve;
Where the loud groans from ſome ſad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here, ſorrowing, they each kindred ſorrow ſcan,
And the cold charities of man to man.
Whoſe laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And ſtrong compulſion plucks the ſcrap from pride;
But ſtill that ſcrap is bought with many a ſigh;
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppreſt by ſome fantaſtic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repoſe;
Who preſs the downy couch, while ſlaves advance,
With timid eye, to read the diſtant glance;
Who, with ſad prayers, the weary doctor teaze
To name the nameleſs ever-new diſeaſe;
Who, with mock patience, dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would you bear in real pain to lie,
Deſpis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would you bear to draw your lateſt breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters from the ſloping ſides:

Where the vile bands that binds the thatch are ſeen,
And lath and mud is all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarſely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempeſt, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with duſt o'erſpread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tears that ſtagnate in his eyes;
No friends with ſoft diſcourſe his pain beguile,
Nor promiſe hope till ſickneſs wears a ſmile.

MORTALITY.

BY SOUTHEY.

SWIFT o'er the high graſs ſweeps the blaſt,
A ſilver ſhade ſpreads o'er the lively green;
The gale is paſt,
No more the ſilver ſhade is ſeen.
Saw ye the lightning flaſh along the ſky?
Save yonder blaſted oak,
A dread memorial of the with'ring ſtroke,
It leaves no trace to guide the following eye.
Children of men! and ſuch your lot!
Ye live your little hour, and die, and are forgot.

What, then, avail the jewell'd crown of pow'r,
Pomp's ermin'd robe, or Glory's death-red ſword,
What then the Wiſe-one's dreams, the Miſer's hoard?
When death proclaims the irrevocable hour,
Life's vain diſtinctions ceaſe: the eternal doom
Bids all the ſons of clay be equal in the tomb.

What tho' Earth's millions the dark realms explore,
No cheering tidings reach mankind from thence,
For there the ſilent eye of Wiſdom ſees no more,
And ſilent is the tongue of Eloquence.
For no one of the innumerable dead,
Reviſits men from that obſcure abode;
For never ſpirit twice could tread
The dark, the dreadful road.

Why ſleeps the Poet—he whoſe magic ſong
Leads charmed Fancy thoſe wild realms along,

Whoſe ſhadowy portals bear the ominous line—
" Quit every hope all ye who enter here?"
Why ſleeps the Bard divine,
Whoſe ſpirit, " far beyond the viſible ſphere,
" Soar'd on the ſeraph wings of Extaſy?"
Why ſleeps the Seer,
Who gave the laws of Nature to our eye,
Fill'd with a portion of divinity!
For me, be mine when Fate ſhall free
This ſpirit from mortality,
Catching Memory's mellow'd ſigh,
Still o'er my wonted haunts to fly;
In gentle viſions to deſcend,
The guardian angel of my friend.
To eaſe the laſt long ling'ring breath,
Breathe joy prophetic in the hour of death,
Embrace in air the new-born ſprite,
And guide it to the realms of light!

Enthuſiaſt!—if thou canſt—explore
The vale of life that lies before,
Dark is the vale of years,
Dimm'd by thoſe little miſts in Reaſon's feeble eye:
Enthuſiaſt! ceaſe to gaze amid immenſity.

When, on the bed of Death,
Quick beats my pulſe, and falt'ring heaves my breath:
When round me watch my friends, with ſtreaming eyes,
Wearying the ſick heart with their fruitleſs cries:
Let me in that laſt moment know
What proud joys Virtue can beſtow,
And, fearleſs of the iron rod,
Look up to thee, my Friend, my Father, and my God!

Ah! ſpare that agonizing hour—
Come quickly, Death! and I will bleſs thy pow'r,
Come quickly—ſnatch me to the realms above,
But ſpare that pang to part with thoſe I love!
And when the graſs ſhall wave
Slow o'er my humble grave,
My grave beſide ſome hawthorn buſh, wherein
The nightingale ſhall ſing her ſong,
Then may the peaſant ſay, and drop a tear,
" The bard belov'd by all lies buried here."

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

W.—LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware of the day,
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to their riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trode to the plain.
But, hark! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desart flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep Albin*! to death and captivity led;
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a mercileſs sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden that wreaks with the blood of the brave.

L.—Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gay Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard! around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

W.—Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my visions to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plumb shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death shot of foemen outspeeding he rode,
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad:
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed; for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.

* Albin, the Gothic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

Oh, creſted Lochiel! the peerleſs in might,
Whoſe banners ariſe on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee to blaſt and to burn,
Return to thy dwelling—all lonely return!
Ere the blackneſs of aſhes ſhall mark where it ſtood,
And a wild mother ſcream o'er her famiſhing brood.

L.—Falſe Wizzard, avaunt! I have marſhalled my clan;
Their ſwords are a thouſand, their boſoms are one;
They are true to the laſt of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, deſcend to the harveſt of death.
Then welcome to Cumberland's ſteed to the ſhock!
Let him daſh his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cauſe,
When Albin his clamour indignantly draws;
When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntleſs, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array.——

W.—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For dark and deſpairing my ſight I may ſeal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
'Tis the ſunſet of life gives me myſtical lore,
And coming events caſt their ſhadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes ſhall ring
With the blood-hounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his deſolate path!
Now in darkneſs and billows he ſweeps from my ſight;
Riſe, riſe ye wild tempeſts, and cover his flight.—
'Tis periſh'd—their thunders are huſhed on the moors—
Culloden is loſt—and my country deplores—
But where is the iron-bound priſoner? where?
For the red eye of battle is ſhut in deſpair—
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, baniſh'd forlorn,
Like a limb from his country caſt bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near.
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling. Oh! mercy diſpel
Yon ſight, that it freezes my ſpirits to tell!
Life flutters convulſed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-ſtreaming noſtrils in agony ſwims.
Accurſed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart ſhall be thrown e'er it ceaſes to beat,
With the ſmoke of its aſhes to poiſon the gale.

L.—Down, foothleſs inſulter! I truſt not thy tale;
For never ſhall Albin a deſtiny meet,
So black with diſhonour, ſo full with retreat.
Though my periſhing ranks ſhall be ſtrewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the ſurf-beaten ſhore,
Lochiel, ſtill untainted by flight or by chains,
While a kindling of life in his boſom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving, in battle, no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of Fame!

EPISTLE

From Mary Queen of Scots to Kirkaldy of Grange.

[The following pathetic addreſs is founded on the impriſonment of Mary Queen of Scots, in the caſtle of Loch Leven, in Scotland. The incidents to which it alludes are admirably related in Stuart's Hiſtory of Scotland: the piece firſt made its appearance in a ſeries of papers entitled "*The Collector*," which were inſerted in the Tyne Mercury of Newcaſtle, and is ſuppoſed to be written by a high literary character in the county of Durham."]

LEAGUED as thou art with thoſe who ſeal my doom,
Hear once my voice, and leave me to the tomb!
Here from theſe hateful walls a captive Queen;
Think what that captive is, and what has been.
What tho' thy numerous vaſſals crowd around,
Tho' fierce to arms the rattling trumpets ſound,
Thy patriot ſoul no mean emotion knows,
And what thy conſcience feels, thy lips diſcloſe:
'Tis Scotland's welfare only fills thy breaſt—
Pride, Envy, Fear, and Intereſt arm the reſt.

Ah, hapleſs Queen! whoſe memory ſtill remains,
Each wrong retraces, and each pang retains:
My dreams of youth Pariſian pomp recals,
And joins the Louvre to Lochleven's walls:
Now paints the time ere Francis ceas'd to live,
Ere this unconſcious heart was taught to grieve,
When bleſt in love, ador'd by generous France,
Joy fill'd my ſoul and beam'd in every glance;
When troops of gallant knights on bended knee
No prize demanded but one ſmile from me:

When all was ſplendour, all was grace around,
And poliſh'd wit the gay carouſal crown'd.
And now—ah cruel! all the pageants fade,
And the black contraſts riſe in horrid ſhade!
The gallant knights, the pomp, the joys decay,
And Scotland's lords appear in in fierce array:
On Carberry's plain the griſly bands I trace,
Bands pledg'd and ſworn to work a Queen's diſgrace;
Still to my eyes my fainting troops appear,
And ſtill thy parley vibrates in my ear:
Still in my mind, (ah, loſt to thee!) is borne
The firm aſſurance by Kirkaldy ſworn.

Heav'ns! ſhall Kirkaldy, whoſe untainted name
Upholds in diſtant realms the Scottiſh fame,
Whoſe faith unbroken ſtrong reliance draws,
And gilds with luſtre e'en a Murray's cauſe:
Shall he, forgetful of his plighted word,
Point at a captive Queen his conquering ſword?
Oh! ſtill your knightly faith, your pledge obſerve,
Nor cruſh with fetters her you ſwore to ſerve.

Grant that the bond your curſt aſſociates gave,
No clouds of error caſt o'er Darnley's grave;
Grant (tho' abſolv'd by Scotland's rigorous laws,
And crown'd, infidious, by his Peers' applauſe)
That in ſuſpicious eye Earl Bothwell ſtood
Diſgrac'd, and tainted with his ſovereign's blood;
Grant ev'n that I, by amorous fancy led,
Sought, uncompell'd, a reeking traitor's bed;
Grant all the ſlanders of this monſtrous time,
Ev'n that myſelf was conſcious of the crime—
Yet was a compact ſworn on Carberry's field,
By all acknowledg'd, and my me fulfill'd!
Alone, unfriended, Bothwell left the plain,
His penitence, his paſt acquittal vain—
Thine ears, Kirkaldy, heard my chilling word!
Thy eyes, departing, ſaw that hated Lord!
Led thro' my ſoldiers by thy honour'd hand,
Fearleſs I paſs'd to Morton's treacherous band,
Smil'd as with falſe reſpect he bent his knee,
And fear'd no treachery—for I truſted thee.
See then the ſad reverſe! allegiance gone,
Bonds are my ſceptre, and a gaol my throne:
Hopeleſs, and torn from all my friends, I grieve,
And count the minutes by the ſighs I heave.
Well could my ſoul the pomp of rule forego,
State happineſs, court ſmiles, and gaudy ſhew;
Theſe I regret not raviſh'd; but I mourn
The nobler powers that royalty adorn;
Of the ſweet privilege, long enjoy'd, debarr'd,
To raiſe the drooping, and the good reward.

Nurs'd in the lap of wealth, my infant hand
Was train'd to bounty in a foreign land;
And two rich realms an ample fource fupplied,
As that unwearied hand the ftreams applied.
Nor did thefe mighty peers my gifts difown;
I gave to all, for they were all my own;
Nor e'er, (though ftill to fpurn the donor bold)
Did the reformer fhrink from Mary's gold.
Then my great fire, lamented Henry, fmil'd,
And watch'd the opening virtues of his child;
With partial fondnefs o'er each feature hung,
And prais'd each accent of my lifping tongue:
Mark'd with fond hopes my dawning fenfe unfold,
And years of greatnefs and of power foretold.

Ill judging Prince, for other fortunes born,
Mifchance and forrow mark'd my natal morn:
So light a thing as beauty urg'd my fate,
And ting'd with envy four Eliza's hate:
No plots had fhe, no freſh-coin'd treafons known,
Had not her fifter's features dim'd her own:
Of Mary's charms fhe learnt with fullen ear,
Look'd in the glafs, and found no beauties there;
Then ftarting, fummon'd aid for England's throne—
Alas! the traitors were thefe eyes alone.
Wretch that I am, what little, little good,
Has my fhort life to royal birthright ow'd!
Juft for a moment giv'n of bliſs to taſte,
Then left to judge the preſent by the paſt.
In youth I learnt affliction's pang to prove,
Reft of the partner of my early love:
Deceiv'd by artifice, and trick'd to fhame,
I loft in Darnley's tomb my fpotleſs fame;
And now fee fierce rebellion fill my throne,
Shut from my laſt beſt joy, my infant fon.—
Ah! who now left of all the royal train,
Screens the poor babe from infult and from pain?
What tender arms that much lov'd form enfold,
And foftly fhelter from the winter's cold?
What tender arms the boiſt'rous crowd repel,
While o'er his eyes the dues of flumber ſteal?
Ah! who like me will huſh the tumults wild,
Gaze on his calm repoſe, and bleſs the child?

Sweet be his flumbers! mute the dire alarms
That ring my knell, and force him from my arms:
For me alone may Heav'n theſe ills prepare,
For me the miſeries of inteſtine war;
'Gainſt me alone may treaſon's hoſt appear,
And England's queen exhauſt her rancour here:
To zeal, to faction, I reſign my crown—
Nay, let them take my life—but ſpare my ſon.

Yes, be it mine to feel a ſubject's power,
A lonely captive in Lochleven's tower;
Unmark'd, unpitied, here in chains to groan,
And expiate crimes and treaſons not my own;
Still roll to me the ſame each circling year,
No ſports relieve me, and no converſe cheer;
Ne'er let me taſte a ſhort but grateful claim;
Even all-conſoling Sleep withholds his balm,
Till my tir'd eyes at dawn begin to cloſe,
And feveriſh ſlumbers creep upon my woes:
Still may the barrier waves my gaol ſurround,
And all my ſchemes of liberty confound;
And haughty Douglas ſtill in frowns appear,
Deride my ſorrows, and inſult my fear,
And on my faded ſplendor ſarcaſm throw;
And, once a ſervant, boaſt to be a foe.—

Such is Queen Mary's fate.—for this thy word
Was pledg'd! behold the trophies of thy ſword!
For this dire end, ere yet the boiling realm
Had felt my gentle guidance at its helm,
The traitor Lords in ſavage compact ſwore,
And ſtamp'd my ruin ere I touch'd the ſhore:
For this his wiles inſidious Murray try'd,
My councils tainted, and my friend's deſtroy'd;
And furious Knox, to fill the mad'ning band,
Blew the loud blaſt of ſchiſm, and ſhook the land,
Unequal conflict! Ill might I oppoſe,
My youth unpractis'd to confederate foes:
No loyal Scot detected Murry's guile,
And ſhew'd the treaſons ambuſh'd in his ſmile;
Not one was near of all great Henry's train
To eaſe the cares of an ill-omen'd reign!
My ſiſter Queen but flatter'd to betray;
Cold in the grave my fainted mother lay;
And her proud kinſmen in that fatal hour
Reluctant ſtoop'd to Montmorenci's power.
No kind experience taught my trembling hand
To wield the ſceptre of this factious land;
No friend ſtood forth that ſceptre to protect—
All flam'd with hate, or chill'd me with neglect:
Till by advice deceiv'd, or threat'nings aw'd,
I gave the Earl my hand, and crown'd their fraud.

Ah! wherefore did no friendly tongue diſcloſe
That the dire act was plotted by my foes?
No—not a friend apppear'd to ſtay my choice:
Erskine was dumb, and mute Kirkaldy's voice:
The ſpirits of my fathers, from the tomb,
Sent forth no warning of their daughter's doom;
To cruſh one dame a nation's craft combin'd,
And through her female ſoftneſs ſapp'd her mind.

I paus'd, I trembled—all their Queen betray'd:
My ſoul revolted, but my hand obey'd.
But ſcarce the rite—ah, mournful pomp!—was done,
Scarce on the bridal feaſt had ſunk the ſun,
Ere my keen fears could all the fraud deſcry,
And read my fate in Morton's alter'd eye.
Then was I ſunk indeed; my conſcious pride
No more the ſhafts of calumny defy'd;
That conſcious worth from Mary's breaſt was flown,
Which whiſper'd peace when other hope was gone.

Of all the Peers who ſign'd the fatal deed,
Which forc'd their Queen to ſhare Earl Bothwell's bed,
Not one to grace our mournful court remain'd,
But all around a boding ſilence reign'd:
While to their bleak domains the chiefs retir'd,
And Bothwell's death and Mary's fall conſpir'd;
With fancied crimes the tale of ſlander ſwell'd,
And vow'd to puniſh what their power compell'd;
Inſidious Maitland ran from Peer to Peer,
And pour'd his ſpecious lies in every ear,
Till through the realm the baſe aſperſion ſpread,
And each fierce Lord his troops to vengeance led;
And ſoon—too ſoon—Kirkaldy's name adorn'd
The foul aſſociates whom his honour ſcorn'd.
The day ſhall come (not yet a diſtant time)
When keen remorſe ſhall teach thee all thy crime;
Teach thee, too late, that nought can faith ſupply,
Nor virtue flouriſh if allegiance die.
This hollow league which binds thee now my foe,
Aims at thy creſt a furer, deadlier blow;
Too late will treaſon all her projects own,
Burſt her thin veil, and claim the Scottiſh throne;
Too late wilt thou awake to honour's call,
Start from the bands that work thy country's fall;
Too late, alas! my ruin'd cauſe defend,
And curſe the hour that made thee Morton's friend!

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

BY PETER PINDAR.

A Brace of ſinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's ſhrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, ſtone, wood,
And in a curl'd white wig look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had thoſe ſad rogues to travel,
With ſomething in their ſhoes much worſe than gravel
In ſhort, their toes, ſo gentle to amuſe,
The prieſt had order'd peas into their ſhoes:

A noſtrum famous, in old Popiſh times,
For purifying ſouls that ſtunk with crimes;
A ſort of Apoſtolic ſalt,
That popiſh parſons for its powers exalt
For keeping ſouls of ſinners ſweet,
Juſt as our kitchen ſalt keeps meat.

The knaves ſet off on the ſame day,
Peas in their ſhoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their ſpeed, I wot:
One of the ſinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as if he had been ſhot.

One ſaw the Virgin ſoon—"peccavi" cried—
Had his ſoul white-waſh'd all ſo clever!
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with ſaints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me ſay,
He met his brother rogue about half way;
Hobbling, with out-ſtretch'd bum and bending knees,
Damning the ſouls and bodies of the peas:
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in ſweat,
Deep ſympathizing with his groaning feet.
"How now!" the light-toed, white-waſh'd Pilgrim broke;
"You lazy lubber!"
"Odds curſe it!" cried the t'other, "'tis no joke—
My feet once hard as any rock,
Are now as ſoft as blubber.

"Excuſe me, Virgin Mary, that I ſwear;
As for Loretto, I ſhall not get there:
No! to the Devil my ſinful ſoul muſt go;
For, damme, if I ha'n't loſt every toe.

"But, brother ſinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain;
What Pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes;
Whilſt *I* juſt like a ſnail am crawling,
Now ſwearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,
Whilſt not a raſcal comes to eaſe my woes?

"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,
Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye!"
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you muſt know,
That juſt before I ventur'd on my journey,
To walk a little more at eaſe,
I took the liberty to boil *my* peaſe."

MONSIEUR TONSON.

BY LEE LEWIS, ESQ.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At leaſt ſome fifty years ago or more,
A pleaſant wight in town, yclep'd Tom King;
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to teaze and ſmoke,
In ſhort, for ſtrokes of humour, quite the thing.

To many a jovial club Tom King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd ſhone—
Choice ſpirit, grave free-maſon, buck, and blood,
Would croud his ſtories and bon mots to hear;
And none a diſappointment e're could fear,
Tom's humour flow'd in ſuch a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careleſs how Prudence on the ſport might frown:
If e'er a pleaſant miſchief ſprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away Tom flew,
Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his courſe to bend,
Juſt by that ſpot, the Seven Dials height:
'Twas ſilence all around, clear was the coaſt;
The watch, as uſual, dozing on his poſt;
And ſcarce a lamp diſplay'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there liv'd the numerous clans
Of honeſt, plodding, foreign artizans,
Known at that time by name of Refugees—
The rod of Perſecution from their home
Compelled the inoffenſive race to roam;
And here they lighted, like a ſwarm of bees.

Well our two friends were ſaunt'ring thro' the ſtreet,
In hopes ſome food for humour ſoon to meet,
When in a window near, a light they view;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It ſeem'd the prologue to ſome merry play;
So towards the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door Tom gave a thundering knock—
The time, we may ſuppoſe, near two o'clock.
I'll aſk, ſays King, if Thompſon lodges here.—
Thompſon! cries t'other, who the devil's he?
I know not, King replies; but want to ſee
What kind of animal will now appear.

After ſome little time a Frenchman came—
One hand diſplay'd a ruſh-light's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they call *culotte;*
An old ſtrip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waiſtcoat o'er one ſhoulder ſpread—
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous ſmil'd,
And ſoon addreſs'd our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—
Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come ſo late?
I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you vait;
Pray tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me.

Sir, replied King, I merely ſought to know,
As by your houſe I chanc'd to-night to go—
But really I've diſturb'd your ſleep, I fear—
I ſay, I thought that you, perhaps, could tell,
Among the folks who in the ſtreet do dwell,
If there's a Mr Thompſon lodges here?

The ſhivering Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find
The buſineſs of this unimportant kind,
Too ſimple to ſuſpect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugg'd out a ſigh that thus his reſt ſhould break,
And with unalter'd courteſy he ſpake—
No, Sare, no Monſieur Tonſon lodges here.

Our wag begg'd pardon, and towards home he ſped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed
But King reſolv'd not thus to drop the jeſt:
So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a viſit to the place.
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's reſt.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before;
No footſtep ſeem'd approaching to the door;
Our Frenchman lay in ſuch a ſleep profound.
King, with the knocker, thundered then again,
Firm on his poſt determined to remain;
And oft indeed he made the door reſound.

At laſt King hears him o'er the paſſage creep,
Wondering what fiend again diſturb'd his ſleep.
The wag ſalutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out, to heighten the ſurprize,
While the poor Frenchmen rubb'd his heavy eyes—
Is there a Mr Thompſon lodges here?

The Frenchman faulter'd with a kind of fright—
Vy, Sare, I'm ſure I tell you, Sare, laſt night?
And here he labour'd with a ſigh ſincere—
No Monſieur Tonſon in the varld I know;
No Monſieur Tonſon here—I tell you ſo:
Indeed, Sare, dere no Monſieur Tonſon here!

Some more excuſes tender'd, off King goes;
And the old Frenchman ſought once more repoſe:
The rogue next night purſu'd his old career.
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh;
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry—
Sare, pon my ſoul, no Monsieur Tonſon here.

Our ſportive wight his uſual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid;
Whoſe tongue indeed than any jack went faster.
Anxious ſhe strove his errand to enquire:
He ſaid, 'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire;
He ſhould not ſtir till he had ſeen her master.

The damſel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken ſlumbers to relate;
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day.
King told her, ſhe must fetch her master down,
A chaiſe was ready—he was leaving town,
But first had much of deep concern to ſay.

Thus urg'd, ſhe went the ſnoring man to call;
And long indeed was ſhe oblig'd to bawl,
Ere ſhe could rouſe the torpid lump of clay.
At last he wakes—he riſes—and he ſwears;
But ſcarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When King attacks him in his uſual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And strait in rage began his crest to rear.
Sare, vat the devil make you treat me ſo?
Sare, I inform you, Sare, three nights ago:
Got tam, I ſwear, no Monsieur Tonſon here!

True as the night, King went; and heard a ſtrife
Between the haraſs'd Frenchman and his wife,
Which ſhould deſcend to chace the fiend away:
At length, to join their forces they agree,
And straight impetuouſly they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray:

Our hero, with the firmneſs of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty ſhock,
Utt'ring the old enquiry, calmly ſtood.
The name of Thompſon rais'd the storm ſo high,
King deem'd it then the faſest plan to fly,
With—Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood.

In ſhort, our hero, with the ſame intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went,
So fond of miſchief was this wicked wit!
They throw out water, for the watch they call;
But King expecting, still deceives them all—
Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the eastern clime,
Six ling'ring years bore there his tedious lot;
At length content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies;
And the same night, as former freaks, arise,
He fain must stroll, his well-known haunts to trace.
Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth, he said;
My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead.
Egad! I'll knock, and see who holds his place.

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar:
And, while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why, e'en our little Frenchman! strange to say,
He took his old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of Fortune's sportive wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who fiend-like, haunted him six years ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same;
With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
And King's detested voice astonish'd hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright;
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore:
Then starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain—
Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come again!
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more.

THE

TRIPPLE PLEA.

LAW, Physic, and Divinity,
Being in dispute, could not agree
To settle, which among them three
Should have the superiority.

Law pleads he does preserve men's lands,
And all their goods from ravenous hands:
Therefore of right challenges he,
To have the superiority.

Phyſic preſcribes recipes for health,
Which men prefer before their wealth;
Therefore of right challenges he,
To have the ſuperiority.

Then ſtrait ſteps up the Prieſt demure,
Who of men's ſouls takes care and cure:
Therefore of right challenges he,
To have the ſuperiority.

If Judges end this Tripple Plea,
The Lawyers ſhall bear all the ſway.
If Empirics their verdict give,
Phyſicians beſt of all will thrive.

If Biſhops arbitrate the caſe,
The Prieſts muſt have the the higheſt place.
If honeſt, ſober, wiſe men judge,
Then all the three away may trudge.

For let men live in peace and love,
The Lawyers tricks they need not prove.
Let men forbear exceſs and riot,
They need not feed on Doctor's diet.

Let men attend what God doth teach,
They need not care what Parſons preach.
But if men fools and knaves will be,
They'll be aſs-ridden by all three.

A SUBLIME ODE

TO THE GREAT CONSUL.

By Peter Pindar.

MOST gallant, noble BONAPARTE!
For our invaſion, all ſo hearty,
Equipping millions to come over
To eat Old England at a meal;
I gueſs that thou wilt land at Deal,
Likewiſe near Thames' mouth and Dover.

Remember that th' hiſtoric page
Records, that, in his tyger rage,
  Thy brother Alexander ſpar'd the arts;
He never *Painter* kill'd, nor *Bard*,
But loaded them with fair reward,
  Inſtead of ſtones, and pikes, and darts.

And when he came to Thebes—what then?
Why then—he ordered all his men
  To ſpare the ſacred houſe of *Pindar*;
And not, amidſt the conflagration,
Wild uproar and dire devaſtation,
  Reduce it to a perfect cinder.

'Twas done—the houſe with all its handſome tackling,
Stood ſafe and ſound, while all the reſt were crackling.
  Conſul!—a *Bard*, of much renown,
By far the beſt of this fair town, or rather city;
  A *Bard* of genius *moſt ſublime*,
  Whoſe works defy the teeth of time;
Exceeding humourous too, and quaint, and witty;
  Wiſhes to have his goods and chattels
  Safe from the ruin of thy battles.

Yes! 'mid the fire, and ſmoke, and ſmother,
Copy thy little wry-neck'd *brother*,
  And thou ſhalt be *immortal* in my *metres*;
Say—"Since the ſon of Philip ſpar'd
  "The dwelling of the Theban Bard,
"By G—d, I'll ſpare his Engliſh couſin Peter's!"

POSTSCRIPT.

Mind!—in thy face I never ſpit,
Like Grenville, Wyndham, Billy Pitt,
  And ſervile Paraſites—their tools;
No—for I bluſh'd for all the *ſquad*,
Thinking them either drunk or mad,
  And called them all a pack of fools.

THE RECRUITING SERJEANT.

BY SOUTHEY.—SCENE, BOTANY BAY.

I Was a plough-boy once; as free from woes
And blitheſome as the lark with whom I roſe.
Each evening at return a meal I found;
And tho' my bed was hard, my ſleep was ſound.

One Whitſuntide, to go to fair, I dreſt,
Like a great bumpkin, in my Sunday's beſt;
A primroſe poſey in my hat I ſtuck,
And to the revel went to try my luck.
From ſhow to ſhow, from booth to booth I ſtray,
See, ſtare, and wonder, all the live-long day.
A Serjeant to the fair recruiting came,
Skill'd in man-catching, to beat up for game;
Our booth he enter'd and ſat down by me;—
Methinks even now the very ſcene I ſee!
The canvas roof, the hogſhead's running ſtore,
The old blind fidler ſeated next the door,
The frothy tankard paſſing to and fro,
And the rude rabble round the puppet-ſhow:
The Serjeant eyed me well—the punch-bowl comes,
And as we laugh'd and drank, up ſtruck the drums—
And now he gives a bumper to his wench—
G—d ſave the King, and then—G—d d—n the French.
Then tells the ſtory of his laſt campaign,
How many wounded and how many ſlain,
Flags flying, cannons roaring, drums a-beating,
The Engliſh marching on, the French retreating,—
"Puſh on—puſh on my lads! they fly before ye,
"March on to riches, happineſs and glory!"
At firſt I wonder'd, by degrees grew bolder,
Then cried—"'tis a fine thing to be a ſoldier!"
"Aye Humphrey!" ſays the Serjeant—"that's your name?
"'Tis a fine thing to fight the French for fame!
"March to the field—knock out a Mounſeer's brains,
"And pick the ſcoundrel's pocket for your pains.
"Come, Humphrey, come! thou art a lad of ſpirit!
"Riſe to a halbert—as I did—by merit!
"Wouldſt thou believe it? even I was once
"As thou art now, a plough-boy and a dunce;
"But courage rais'd me to my rank. How now, boy!
"Shall Hero Humphrey ſtill be Numps the plough-boy?
"A proper ſhaped young fellow! tall and ſtraight!
"Why, thou wert made for glory! five feet eight!
"The road to riches is the field of fight,—
"Didſt ever ſee a guinea look ſo bright?
"Why, regimentals, Numps, would give thee grace,
"A hat and feather would become that face;
"The girls would crowd around thee to be kiſt—
"Doſt love a girl?" "Od Zounds!" cried I, "I'll liſt!"

So paſt the night: anon the morning came,
And off I ſet a volunteer for fame.
"Back ſhoulders, turn out your toes, hold up your head,
"Stand eaſy!" ſo I did—till almoſt dead.
O how I long'd to tend the plough again,
Trudge up the field and whiſtle o'er the plain,
When tir'd and ſore amid the piteous throng,
Hungry and cold and wet I limp'd along,
And growing fainter as I paſs'd and colder,
Curs'd that ill hour when I became a ſoldier!
In town I found the hours more gaily paſs,
And Time fled ſwiftly with my girl and glaſs;
The girls were wonderous kind and wonderous fair,
They ſoon transferr'd me to the doctor's care;
The Doctor undertook to cure the evil.
And he almoſt transferr'd me to the Devil.
'Twere tedious to relate the diſmal ſtory
Of fighting, faſting, wretchedneſs, and glory.
At laſt diſcharged, to England's ſhores I came,
Paid for my wounds with want inſtead of fame;
Found my fair friends, and plunder'd as they bade me;
They kiſt me, coax'd me, robb'd me, and betray'd me.
Tried and condemn'd, his Majeſty tranſports me,
And here in peace, I thank him, he ſupports me.
So ends my diſmal and heroic ſtory,
And Humphrey gets more good from guilt than glory.

TAM O' SHANTER.

BY BURNS.

"Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this buke."
GAWIN DOUGLASS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the ſtreet,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we ſit bouſing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think nae on the lang Scots miles,
The moſſes waters, ſlaps, and ſtyles,

That lie between us and our hame,
Where ſits our ſulky, ſullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering ſtorm,
Nurſing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honeſt Tam o' Shanter
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr wham near a town ſurpaſſes,
For honeſt men and bony laſſes.)

O Tam! had thou been ſae wiſe,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld the weel thou waſt a ſkellum,
A blethering, bluſtering, drunken bellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou waſt nae ſober;
That ilka meldar, wi' the miller,
Thou ſat as long as thou had ſiller;
That every naig was ca'd a ſhoe on,
The ſmith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L——d's houſe, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophecy'd that, late or ſoon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony councils ſweet,
How mony lengthen'd ſage advices
The huſband frae the wife deſpiſes!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Faſt by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming ſwats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, truſty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' ſangs and clatter,
And ay the ale was growing better.
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, ſecret, ſweet, and precious:

The ſouter tauld his queereſt ſtories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The ſtorm without might rain and ruſtle,
Tam did nae mind the ſtorm a whiſtle.

Care, mad to ſee a man ſae happy,
E'en drown'd himſelf amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treaſure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleaſure.
Kings may be bleſt, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleaſures are like poppies ſpread,
You ſeize the flow'r, its bloom is ſhed;
Or like the ſnow falls in the river,
A moment white——then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit e'er you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evaniſhing amid the ſtorm.
Nae man can tether time nor tide,
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour o' night' black arch the key ſtane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beaſt in;
And ſic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne er poor ſinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its laſt,
The rattling ſhowers roſe on the blaſt,
The ſpeedy gleams the darkneſs ſwallow'd,
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd
That night, a child might underſtand
The Deil had buſineſs on hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam ſkelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Deſpiſing wind, and rain, and fire;
Whilſt holding faſt his gude blue bonnet,
Whilſt crooning o'er ſome auld Scotch ſonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Leſt bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaiſts and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was croſs the foord,
Whare in the ſnaw the chapman ſmoor'd;
And paſt the birks and meikle ſtane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd herſel.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods,
The doubling ſtorm roars thro' the woods,
The lightnings flaſh from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway ſeem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud reſounded mirth and dancing.——

Inſpiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canſt make us ſcorn!
Wi' tippeny we fear nae evil,
Wi' uſquabae we'll face the devil!
The ſwats ſae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play he car'd nae deils a boddle.
But Maggie ſtood right fair aſtoniſh'd,
Till by the heel and hand admoniſh'd,
She ventur'd forward to the light,
And, wow! Tam ſaw an unco ſight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance,
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, ſtrathſpeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels;
A winnock-bunker in the eaſt,
There ſat auld Nick, in ſhape o' beaſt,
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them muſic was his charge:
He ſcrew'd the pipes and gart them ſkirl
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins ſtood round like open preſſes,
That ſhaw'd the dead in their laſt dreſſes;
And, by ſome dev'liſh cantrip ſlight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light;
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haily table

A murderer's banes in gibbet airns,
Twa ſpan-lang, wee, unchriſten'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his laſt gaſp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks wi' blude red-ruſted,
Five ſcymetars wi' murder cruſted,
A garter which a babe had ſtrangled,
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain ſon o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet ſtack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu':
Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inſide out,
Wi' lies ſeem'd like a beggar's clout:
Three prieſts' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay ſtinking, vile in every neuk.—

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew faſt and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew.
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reel'd, they ſet, they croſs'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin ſwat and reekit,
And caſt her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her ſark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queens,
A' plump and ſtrapping in their teens,
Their ſarks, inſtead o' creeſhie flannen,
Been ſnaw-white ſeventeen hundred linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were pluſh, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad ſpean a foal,
Louping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy ſtomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winſome wench and wawlie
That night enliſted in the core,
(Lang after kend on Carrick ſhore,

For mony a beaſt to dead ſhe ſhot,
And periſh'd mony a bony boat,
And ſhook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-ſide in fear)
Her cutty ſark, o' Paiſley harn,
That while a laſſie ſhe had worn,
In longitude tho' ſorely ſcanty,
It was her beſt, and ſhe was vauntie.—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That ſark ſhe coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches)
Wad ever grac'd a dance o' witches!

But here my muſe her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r,
To ſing how Nanny lap and flang,
(A ſouple jade ſhe was, and ſtrang)
And how Tam ſtood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very e'en enrich'd,
Even Satan glowr'd, and fudg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till firſt ae caper, ſyne anither,
Tam tint his reaſon a' thegither,
And roars out, 'Weel done Cutty-ſark!'
And in an inſtant all was dark:
And ſcarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the helliſh legion ſallied.

As bees biz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds aſſail their byke;
As open puſſie's mortal foes,
When pop! ſhe ſtarts before their noſe;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When 'Catch the thief!' reſounds aloud;
So Maggy runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch ſkreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roaſt thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin;
Kate ſoon will be a waefu' woman!
Now do thy ſpeedy utmoſt, Meg,
And win the key ſtane o' the brig;

There at them thou thy tail may toſs,
A running ſtream they dare nae croſs.
But ere the key-ſtane ſhe could make,
The fient a tale ſhe had to ſhake!
For Nanny, far before the reſt,
Hard upon noble Maggie preſt,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wiſt ſhe Maggie's mettle——
Ae ſpring brought off her maiſter hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggy ſcarce a ſtump.

Now, wha' this tale o' truth ſhall read,
Ilk man and mither's ſon tak heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty ſark run in your mind,
Think ye may buy the joy's o'er dear,
Remember Tam O' Shanter's mare.

WATTY AND MEG;

OR, THE

WIFE REFORMED.

"We dream in courtſhip, but in wedlock wake."

POPE.

KEEN the froſty winds war blawin',
Deep the ſna' had wreath'd the ploughs,
Watty, wearied a' day ſawin',*
Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dryſter Jock was ſitting cracky,
Wi' Pate Tamſon o' the Hill,
"Come awa', "quo' Johnny, "Watty!
Haith we'ſe ha'e anither jill."

* Sawing timber.

Watty, glad to ſee Jock Jabos,
And ſae money neighbours roun',
Kicket frae his ſhoon the ſna' ba's,
Syne ayont the fire ſat down.

Owre a boord, wi' bannocks heapet,
Cheeſe an' ſtoups an' glaſſes ſtood;
Some war roarin', ithers ſleepit,
Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

Jock was ſelling Pate ſome tallow,
A' the reſt a racket hel',
A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow,
Sat and ſmoket by himſel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
Watty, puffin' out a mouthfu'
Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

"What's the matter, Watty, wi' you!
Trouth your chafts are fa ing in!
Something s wrang—I'm vext to ſee you—
Gudeſake! but ye're deſp'rate thin!"

"Aye (quo' Watty) things are alter'd
But its paſt redemption now,
O! I wiſh I had been halter'd
When I married Maggy Howe!

I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,
Try'd wi' troubles that's no ſma';
Them I bore—but marrying Maggy
Laid the cape-ſtane o'them a'.

Night and day ſhe's ever yelpin',
Wi' the weans ſhe ne'er can gree;
When ſhe's tir'd wi' perfect ſkelpin',
Then ſhe flees like fire on me.

See ye, Mungo! when ſhe'll claſh on
Wi' her everlaſting clack,
Whiles I've had my nieve, in paſſion,
Liftet up to break her back."

"O! for gudefake, keep frae cuffets,"
Mungo fhook his head and faid,
"We'll I ken what fort o' life it's;
Ken ye, Watty, how I did?

After Befs and I war kippl'd,
Soon fhe grew like ony bear,
Brak' my fhins, and, when I tippl'd,
Harl'd out my very hair!

For a *wee* I quietly knuckl'd,
But, when naething would prevail,
Up my claes and caſh I buckl'd—
Befs, for ever fare ye weel!

Then her din grew lefs and lefs ay,
Haith I gart her change her tune:
Now a better wife than Beſſy
Never ſtept in leather ſhoon.

Try this, Watty.—Whan ye ſee her
Ragin' like a roaring flood,
Swear *that moment* that ye'll lea' her;
That's the way to keep her gude."—

Laughing, ſangs, and laſſes' ſkirls,
Echo'd now out thro' the roof,
Done! quo' Pate, and ſyne his arls
Nail'd the Dryſter's wauket loof.

I' the thrang o' ſtories telling,
Shaking han's and joking queer,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
"Mungo! is our Watty here?"

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry
Dartet thro' him like a knife:
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's ſcaulin' wife.

"Nefty, gude-for-naething being!
O ye ſnuffy, drucken ſow!
Bringin' wife an' weans to ruin,
Drinkin' here wi' ſic a crew!

WATTY AND MEG.

Devil nor your legs war broken!
Sic a life nae fleſh endures—
Toilin' like a ſlave, to ſloken
You, ye dyvor! and your 'hores!

Riſe! ye drucken beaſt o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's deſire:
Riſe, this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whiſky i' the fire!"

Watty heard her tongue unhallow'd,
Pay'd his groat wi' little din,
Left the houſe, while Maggy fallow'd,
Flyting a' the road behin'.

Folk frae every door cam' lampin',
Maggy curſt them ane and a',
Clappit wi' her han's and ſtampin',
Loſt her bauchels i' the ſna'.

Hame, at length, ſhe turn'd the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Ragin' like a very devil,
Kicken ſtools and chairs about.

"Ye'll ſit wi' your limmers round you!
Hang you, Sir, I'll be your death!
Little hauds my hands, confound you!
But I cleave you to the teeth."

Watty, wha midſt this oration
Ey'd her whiles, but durſt na ſpeak
Sat, like patient Reſignation,
Trembling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap broſe he ſippet,
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
Quietly to his bed he ſlippet,
Sighin' aften to himſel'—

"Nane are free frae *ſome* vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But thro a' the hale creation
Is nae mortal vext like me!"

A' night lang he rowt and gantet,
Sleep or reſt he could nae tak;
Maggy, aft wi' horror haunted,
Mumlin', ſtarted at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,
Up raiſe Watty, waefu' chiel,
Kiſs'd his weanies while they ſleepit,
Wakent Meg, and ſought fareweel.

"Fareweel Meg!—And, O! may Heav'n
Keep you ay within his care:
Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
Now he'll never faſh your mair.

Happy could I been beſide you,
Happy baith at morn at e'en:
A' the ills did e'er betide you,
Watty ay turn'd out your frien'.

But ye ever like to ſee me
Vext and ſighin', late and air.—
Fareweel Meg! I've ſworn to lea' thee,
So thou'll never ſee me mair."

Meg a' fabbin, fae to loſe him,
Sic a change had never wiſt,
Held his hand cloſe to her boſom,
While her heart was like to burſt.

"O my Watty will ye lea' me,
Friendleſs, helpleſs, to deſpair!
O! for this ae time forgi'e me,
Never will I vex you mair."

"Aye! ye've aft ſaid *that*, and broken
A' your vows ten times a week.
No, no Meg! See—there's a token
Glitt'ring on my bonnet cheek.

Owre the ſeas I march this morning,
Liſtet, teſtet, ſworn an' a',
Forc'd by your confounded girning;
Fareweel, Meg! for I'm awa'."

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
Guſht afreſh, and louder grew,
While the weans, wi' mournfu' yaumer,
Round their ſabbin' mither flew.

"Thro' the yirth I'll wanner wi' you—
Stay, O Watty! ſtay at hame.
Here upon my knees I'll gi'e you
Ony vow ye like to name.

See your poor young lammies pleadin',
Will ye gang an' break our heart?
No a *houſe* to put our head in,
No a *frien'* to take our part."

Ilka word came like a bullet;
Watty's heart begoud to ſhake;
On a kiſt he laid his wallet,
Dightet baith his e'en and ſpake.

"If ance mair I could by writing,
Lea' the fodgers and ſtay ſtill,
Wad you ſwear to drap your flyting?"
"Yes, O Watty! yes, I will."

"Then, (quo Watty) mind be honeſt;
Ay to keep your temper ſtrive;
Gin ye break this dreadfu' promiſe,
Never mair expect to thrive.

Marget Howe! this hour ye ſolemn
Swear by every-thing that's gude,
Ne'er again your ſpouſe to ſcaul' him',
While life warms your heart an' blood:

That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's ſeek me—
Ne'er put *drucken* to my name—
Never out at e'ening ſteek me—
Never gloom when I come hame:

That ye'll ne'er, like Beſſy Miller,
Kick my ſhins, or rug my hair—
Laſtly, *I'm to keep the ſiller*,
This upo' your ſaul ye ſwear?"

" O—h!" quo' Meg;—" Aweel!" quo' Watty,
" Fareweel!—faith I'll try the ſeas."
" O ſtan' ſtill," quo' Meg, an' grat ay,
" Ony, ony way to pleaſe."

Maggy ſyne, becauſe he preſt her;
Swore to a' things owre again:
Watty lap, an' danc'd, an' kiſs'd her;
Wow! but he was won'rous fain.

Down he threw his ſtaff victorious;
Aff gaed bonnet, claes, an' ſhoon;
Syne aneath the blankets glorious
Held anither *Honey-Moon*.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD WIFE DELINEATED.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD GARDENSTONE.

A WIFE, you ſay, is an expenſive toy,
But, wanting coſt, we cannot purchaſe joy;
The richeſt miſer muſt remain in rags,
Unleſs he condeſcends to looſe his bags;
The thread-bare bard, a coach who cannot hire,
Is fain to ſtraddle through December's mire;
And he, whoſe income won't extend to port,
To the more frugal ale-houſe muſt reſort.

Before a doctor takes the pains to kill,
His patient's purſe muſt pay for every pill:
A Britiſh Premier too muſt bribe the HOUSE,
Before they'll vote his Majeſty a ſous.

At church, you know, as well as at the play,
We cannot have a ſeat unleſs we pay:
And you and I, till ſome few pence are given,
Muſt, like two ſpaniels, from the pew be driven!
Nor gain one glimpſe of glory, or of grace,
Ere firſt we buy the *freedom of the place*.

For all commodities a price is paid,
Why, then, refuſe your money for a MAID?

A wife, you ſay, deſtroys domeſtic eaſe,
You cannot then do juſt whate'er you pleaſe.
But tell me truly, when a fool is drunk,
And all his ſenſes in the liquor ſunk,
Shall he be ſuffer'd to diſturb the ſtreets,
And bruiſe with every vagabond he meets?
Embrace infection, founder in the mire,
Or, reeling homeward, ſet his houſe on fire?

Far better fate attends the happy man
Who weds a mate as early as he can:
His faithful ſpouſe his every want attends
One ſpouſe is worth ten thouſand bottle-friends;
She flatters, ſtrips, and rolls him into bed,
Then binds a fillet round his aching head;
She covers, carefully, each wearied limb,
For all her wiſhes centre but in him;
And, while coherently to curſe he tries,
The briny ſhower comes burſting from her eyes.

In humble tone ſhe ventures to complain.
He ſwore laſt night he ne'er would ſoak again;
Reminds him that he plays a thoughtleſs part,
And hints what agonies have wrung her heart.

Then, which all other mortals would deſpiſe,
Beſide her hopeful huſband down ſhe lies.
But leſt his horrid breath may do her harm,
She clings behind to keep his ſhoulders warm.

A wife, beſides, will bring you girls and boys;
And though the monkies make inceſſant noiſe,
Though other children's din you cannot bear,
Yet theirs, believe me, wont annoy your ear.

None but an actual father ever knows
With what fond joy a father's heart o'erflows,
To ſee all Lilliput friſk up and down,
When every look reminds him of his own,
Or her's, who, in the ſummer days of youth,
Taught him the charms of tenderneſs and truth.

And are you ſick? 'Tis then her actions prove;
No words can paint the frenzy of her love:

'Tis then the grandeur of her ſoul ſhines forth,
Then firſt you learn the vaſtneſs of her worth.

Your kindeſt comrades in attendance fail,
For all muſt weary of a ſick man's tale;
But, night and day, ſhe ſtill is at your ſide,
More ſoft, more charming far, than when a bride;
For though corroding cares her bloom deſtroy,
Her generous love excites ſuperior joy:
She watches every motion of your eye,
Your every want impatient to ſupply.

Affected ſmiles conceal her inward care,
Hopeleſs herſelf, yet checking your deſpair;
While oft, in ſpite of all her female art,
A ſigh eſcaping, cuts you to the heart.
How cold mere friendſhip, when compar'd to this!
Without ſuch women, what were human bliſs?

And ſhould, as it may happen, Fortune frown,
And from the height of greatneſs hurl you down,
When every friend, as uſual, turns his back,
And your ſoul lingers on the mental rack;
When every inſult muſt be coolly borne,
The pedant's pity, and the rival's ſcorn;
When thoſe you truſted, their connections change,
And thoſe who hate you, give reſentment range;
When every look, where'er you ſhew your head,
Is ſure to make you feel "your kingdom's fled;"
When ſordid Prudence ſtiffens every face,
And every tongue exults in your diſgrace;*
At ſuch a time, does female friendſhip fail?
No; ſhe herſelf attends you to the jail!

Such friendſhip cheaply with a world were bought;
Her boſom juſt admits one ſingle thought.
Your peace of mind ſhe breathes but to purſue,
Nor dreads a dungeon to be ſhar'd with you.

She, too, when death arrives to your relief,
Shall watch its progreſs with the pureſt grief;
Perform each duty that diſtreſs can crave,
And, with fond tears, bedew her huſband's grave;

* No paſſage, in any writer, can be more inſtructive or intereſting, than the fall of the Duke of Sully, as deſcribed by himſelf.

And ſtill, with you, her tender mem'ry teems,
Still your lov'd image haunts her broken dreams,
And blaſts each phantom of returning peace,
Till Heav'n, in pity, gives her own releaſe.

Such are the ſex we modeſtly deſpiſe,
And ſuch the fools whom every fool decries.

To this you anſwer with a ſcornful ſmile,
That common ſenſe adopts a colder ſtyle;
That many a wife turns out ſo very bad,
As ſoon to drive the tameſt partner mad.

The ſcrub, who bargains for a maſs of gold,
May catch, no doubt, a flattern or a ſcold.
The brute, whoſe paſſion is but rank deſire,
May feel ten days exhauſt his carnal fire.
The fool who marries for the ſake of wit,
Is ſure to find himſelf ſeverely bit;
And he who ſeeks a ſpouſe of noble blood,
Muſt bear with patience, lectures long and loud.

But men of ſenſe, with reaſon, hope to find
A graceful perſon, with a modeſt mind;
Whoſe various charms we ever muſt admire,
At once the choice of wiſdom and deſire;
And for mere merit, if you ſearch around,
Believe me, that is always to be found.

The ſureſt rules for chuſing ſuch a mate,
Would furniſh topics for a fine debate;
But, leſt the ſpirit of the verſe expire,
Your preacher, for the preſent, ſhall retire.

SHEPHERD LUBIN.

BY MR. G. D. HARLEY.

YOUNG Lubin was a ſhepherd boy,
Who watch'd a rigid maſter's ſheep,
And many a night was heard to ſigh,
And many a day was ſeen to weep:

For not a lambkin e'er was loſt,
Or wether ſtray'd to field remote,
But Lubin ever was to blame,
Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.

Yet not a truſtier lad was known,
To climb the promontory's brow;
Nor yet a tenderer heart e'er beat,
Beſide the brook in vale below,

From him ſtern winter's drifting ſnow,
Its pelting ſleet, or froſt ſevere,
Or ſcorching ſummer's ſultry ray,
Ne'er forc'd a murmur, or a tear.

For ah! the varying ſeaſons had
To every hardſhip form'd his frame;
Tho' ſtill his tender feeling heart,
By nature nurs'd, remain'd the ſame.

But whither ſhall the orphan fly
To meet protection's foſtering power?
Oppreſſion waits the future day,
When miſery marks the natal hour.

An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
No friend, no relative had he!
His happieſt hour was daſh'd with woe,
His mildeſt treatment—tyranny.

It chanc'd that o'er the boundleſs heath
One winter's day his flocks had ſpread;
By hunger urg'd to ſeek the blade
That lurk'd beneath its ſnowy bed.

And, hous'd at eve, his fleecy charge,
He, ſorrowing, miſs'd a favourite lamb,
That ſhunn'd the long perſiſting ſearch,
Nor anſwer'd to its bleeting dam.

With heavy heart he ſhap'd his way,
And told ſo true, ſo ſad a tale,
That almoſt pierc'd the marble breaſt
Of ruthleſs Rufus of the vale.

Poor Lubin own'd his flocks had ſtray'd,
Own'd he had ſuffer'd them to go;
Yes!—he had learn'd to pity them,
For often he had hunger'd too:

And had he to their pinching wants,
The unnipp'd neighb'ring bounds deny'd;
They ſure had dropp'd—as ſurely too,
The pitying ſhepherd boy had died.

Then die!—th' unfeeling maſter ſaid;
And ſpurn'd him from his cloſing door;
Which, till he found his favourite lamb,
He vow'd ſhould ne'er admit him more.

Dark was the night, and o'er the waſte
The whiſtling winds did fiercely blow,
And 'gainſt his poor, unſhelter'd head,
With arrowy keenneſs came the ſnow.

The ſmall thick ſnow that Eurus drives
In freezing fury o'er the plain,
And with unſparing vengeance, ſcores
The callous face of hardieſt ſwain.

Yet thus he left his maſter's houſe,
And ſhap'd his ſad uncertain way;
By man unnotic'd and forſook,
And follow'd but by—truſty Tray—

Poor truſty Tray! a faithful dog;
Lubin and he were young together;
Sti'l would they grace each other's ſide,
Whate'er the time, whate'er the weather.

Unlike to worldly friends were they,
Who ſeparate in fortune's blaſt—
They ſtill were near when fair the ſky,
But nearer ſtill when overcaſt.

When Lubin's random ſtep involv'd
His body 'neath the drifted ſnow,
Tray help'd him forth; and when Tray fell,
Poor Lubin dragg'd him from below.

Thus, 'midſt the horrors of the night,
They enter'd on the houſeleſs heath;
Above their heads no comfort broke,
Nor round about, nor underneath.

No little cheering ſtar they ſaw,
To light them on their dreary way;
Nor yet the diſtant twinkling blaze
Of cottage induſtry ſaw they.

Nay, e'en that moſt officious guide
Of thoſe who roam and thoſe who mope,
Retiring Will-o'-th'-Wiſp, refus'd
To trim the lamp of treach'rous hope.

Nor parish bell was heard to strike
The hour of "tardy-gaited night;"
No noise—but winds and screams of those
Ill-omen'd birds that shun the light.

Benumb'd at length his stiff'ning joints,
His tongue to Tray could scarcely speak;
His tears congeal'd to icicles—
His hair hung clatt'ring 'gainst his cheek.

As thus he felt his fault'ring limbs
Give omen of approaching death,
Aurora from her eastern hill
Rush'd forth, and stay'd his fleeting breath;

And shew'd to his imperfect sight
The harmless cause of all his woe!
His little lambkin, cold and stiff,
Stretch'd on its bed of glist'ning snow!

His heart's best chord was yet in tune,
Unsnapp'd by cold severity;
Touch'd was that chord—his dim eye beam'd,
Suffused sensibility.

"'Tis just, he said, that where thou liest,
"The careless shepherd boy should lie;
"Thou diedst, poor fool, for want of food;
"I fall, for suffering thee to die.

"But oh, my master!"—broken—short—
Was every half-word now he spoke—
"Severe has been thy constant will,
"And galling sure thy heavy yoke.

"But yet 'in all my best,' have I
"Without a 'plaint my hardships bore;
"Rufus!—may all my pangs be past—
"Master!—my sufferings are no more!

"A warmer couch hast thou to press,
"Secure from cramping frosts thy feet;
"And cou'dst thou boast so free a breast,
"Thou yet might'st die a death as sweet.

"My trusty dog—that wistful look
"Is all that makes my poor heart heave;
"But hie thee home,—proclaim me dead,
"Forget to think—and cease to grieve."

So saying, shrunk the hapless youth,
Beneath the chilling grasp of death:
And, clasping poor Tray's shaggy neck,
Sigh'd gently forth his parting breath!

His faithful, fond, sagacious dog,
Hung watchful o'er his master's clay;
And many a moan the old fool made,
And many a thing he strove to say.

He paw'd him with his hard-worn foot,
He lick'd him with his scarce warm tongue;
His cold nose strove to catch his breath,
As to his clos'd lips close it clung.

But not a sign of lurking life,
Thro' all his frame he found to creep;
He knew not what it was to die,
But knew his master did not sleep.

For still had he his slumbers watch'd,
Through many a long and dismal night;
And rous'd him from the pallet hard,
To meet his toil e'er morning light.

And well his brain remember'd yet,
He never patter'd tow'rds his bed;
Or lodg'd his long face on his cheek,
But straight he-stirr'd, or rais'd his head.

Yes, he remember'd, and with tears,
His loving master's kind replies,
When dumbly he contriv'd to say,
"The cock has crow'd, my master rise!"

But now the paw, the scratch, the whine,
To howlings chang'd, alone can tell
The suff'rings of instinctive love,
When fruitless prov'd its simple spell.

Great grief assail'd his untaught heart,
And quickly laid its victim low!
His master's cheek, his pillow cold,
Their common bed the colder snow!

THE

LOSS O' THE PACK:

A true Tale, which was delivered at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a debate on the question, "Whether is diſappointment in love, or the loſs of fortune hardeſt to bear?"

(Recited in the character of a Poor Pedlar.)

'BOUTGATES I hate, quo' girning Maggy Pringle,
Syne harl'd Watty, greeting, thro' the ingle.
Since this fell queſtion ſeems ſae lang to hing on,
In twa-three words I'll gie ye my opinion.

I wha ſtand here, in this bare ſcoury coat,
Was ance *a Packman*, wordy mony a groat:
I've carried packs as big's your meikle table;
I've ſcarted pats, and ſleepit in a ſtable:
Sax pounds I wadna for my pack ance ta'en,
And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.

Aye! thae war days indeed, that gart me hope,
Aeblins, thro' time, to warſle up a ſhop:
And as a wife ay in my noddle ran,
I kend my Kate wad grapple at me than.
O Kate was paſt compare! ſic cheeks! ſic een!
Sic ſmiling looks! were never, never ſeen.
Dear, dear I lo'ed her, and whane'er we met,
Pleaded to have the bridal-day but ſet;
Stapped her pouches fu' o' preens and laces,
And thonght myſel' weel paid wi' twa-three kiſſes:
Yet ſtill ſhe put it aff frae day to day,
And aften kindly in my lug wad ſay,
"Ae half-year langer's no nae unco ſtop,
"We'll marry than, and ſyne ſet up a ſhop."

O Sir, but laſſes words are ſaft and fair!
They ſoothe our griefs, and baniſh ilka care:
Wha wadna toil to pleaſe the laſs he lo'es?
A lover true, minds *this* in a' he does.
Finding her mind was thus ſae firmly bent,
And that I cou'dna get her to relent,
There was nought left, but quietly to reſign,
To heeze my pack for ae lang hard campaign;

And, as the Highlands was the place for meat,
I ventur'd there in ſpite of wind and weet.

Cauld now the winter blew, and deep the ſna'
For three hale days inceſſantly did fa';
Far in a muir, amang the whirling drift,
Whar nought was ſeen but mountains and the lift,
I loſt my road and wander'd mony a mile,
Maiſt dead wi' *hunger, cauld*, and *fright*, and *toil*.
Thus wand'ring, eaſt or weſt, I kend na' where,
My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black deſpair,
Wi' a fell ringe, I plung'd at ance, forſooth,
Down thro' a wreath o' ſnaw, up to my mouth.
Clean o'er my head my precious wallet flew,
But whar it gaed, Lord kens, I never knew!

What great misfortunes are pour'd down on ſome!
I thought my fearfu' hinderen was come!
Wi' grief and ſorrow was my ſaul o'ercaſt,
Ilk breath I drew was like to be my laſt;
For ay the mair I warſl'd roun' and roun',
I fand myſel' ay ſtick the deeper down;
Till ance, an length, wi' a prodigious pull,
I drew my poor cauld carcaſe frae the hole.

Lang, lang I fought and graped for my pack,
Till night and hunger forc'd me to come back.
For three lang hours I wander'd up and down,
Till chance, at laſt, convey'd me to a town:
There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
A ſad account of a' my luckleſs fate;
But bade her ay be kind, and no deſpair,
Since life was left, I ſoon wad gather mair;
Wi' whilk, I hop'd, within a towmond's date
To be at hame, and ſhare it a' wi' Kate.

Fool that I was! how little did I think
That love wad ſoon be loſt for fa't o' *clink!*
The loſs of fair won wealth, tho' hard to bear,
Afore this—ne'er had pow'r to force a tear.
I truſted time wad bring things round again,
And Kate, dear Kate! wad then be a' mine ain:
Conſol'd my mind in hopes o' better luck,
But, O! *what ſad reverſe! how thunderſtruck!*

Whan ae black day brought word frae Rab my brither,
That *Kate was cried, and married on anither!*

Tho' a' my friends, and ilka comrade ſweet,
At ance, had drapped cauld dead at my feet;
Or, tho' I'd heard the laſt day's dreadfu' ca',
Nae deeper horror o'er my heart cou'd fa':
I curs'd myſel', I curs'd my luckleſs fate,
And grat—and ſabbing cried—O Kate! O Kate!

Frae that day forth—I never mair did weel,
But drank, and ran headforemoſt to the deil!
My ſiller vaniſh'd, far frae hame I pin'd;
But Kate for ever ran acroſs my mind:
In *her* were a' *my hopes,—theſe hopes were vain,*
And now—I'll never ſee her like again.

'Twas this, Sir, Preſident, that gart me ſtart,
Wi' meikle greif and ſorrow at my heart,
To gie my vote, frae *ſad experience*, here,
That *diſappointed love is war to bear,*
Ten thouſand times, than loſs of warld's gear.

EFFUSION.

Written by Moonlight, upon a ſequeſtered Woodland Hill.

HERE, plac'd beyond all human ken,
Far from the world's intruſive eye,
Far from the haunts of toilſome men,
I ſtand, and view the blue-rob'd ſky.

Wide o'er the heav'n's celeſtial glow—
While moon and ſtars in glory ſhine—
A raptur'd glance around I throw,
And own the maker's hand DIVINE.

When I behold theſe orbs that roll,
Whoſe birth with Time's remote began,
Theſe lights that burn from pole to pole,
And *they* but *parts* of *one great plan;*

Warm from my ſoul the ſtrain aſcends,
That hails the Lord of Nature's frame;
My lowly heart before him bends,
And tranſport kindles at his name.

MEDITATION BY MOONLIGHT.

These works OMNIPOTENCE declare,
Aloud proclaim transcendant skill;
And ORDER speaks thy sov'reign care,
Almighty, all-pervading will!

Thy hand hath nothing made in vain,
Thy bounties e'en to me extend;
Thy gifts—diffus'd like vernal rain,—
On *all* thy works alike descend.

Spirit supreme! in all things found,
In radiant spheres, or earth's green sod;
Author of all this wondrous round,
Creative, all-informing GOD!——

Almighty Maker!—when I trace
Thousands of worlds that round me lie,
Harmonious roll'd through boundless space,
My heart exclaims, "Lord, what am I?"

Compar'd with what mine eyes can see,
I seem a point,—a dubious line;
And *these*, when I compare with THEE,
Appear in less'ning shades like mine.

Compar'd with time and endless space,
A poor Ephemeron I seem;
A grain of dust on Nature's face;
My present being but a dream.

Unconscious when I first drew breath,
Unknowing when my life will close,
Yet *certain* the cold hand of death
Will one day sink me to repose.

But yet I feel a SOUL within,
Some spring impelling this machine;
A pow'r which must from thee begin,
Which thinks, which wills, which acts unseen.

To THEE fast clings the heav'n-born soul,
To thee the vital flame aspires;
Aims at THY HEAV'N—the wish'd-for goal,
And thither points her vivid fires.

On *thee* alone I can rely,
(An insulated being here;)
Fix'd in the hope, whene'er I die,
I wake to TRUTH'S ETERNAL YEAR.

Whither, immortal Lord! I go
When *this* exiſtence fades in air,
Why ſhould I dread?—why ſhould I know?
For thou, my Father, wilt be there!

OSRIC—THE LION.

BY M. G. LEWIS.

SWIFT roll the Rhine's billows and water the plains,
Where Falkenſtein's Caſtle's majeſtic remains
Their moſs-cover'd turrets ſtill rear:
Oft loves the gaunt wolf 'midſt the ruins to prowl,
What time from the battlements pours the lone owl
Her plaints in the paſſenger's ear.

No longer reſound through the vaults of yon hall
The ſong of the minſtrel, and mirth of the ball;
Thoſe pleaſures for ever are fled;
There now dwells the bat with her light-ſhunning brood;
There ravens and vultures now clamour for food,
And all is dark, ſilent, and dread!

Ha! doſt thou not ſee, by the moon's trembling light
Directing his ſteps, where advances a Knight,
His eye big with vengeance and fate?
'Tis Oſric—the Lion, his nephew who leads,
And ſwift up the crackling old ſtaircaſe proceeds,
Gains the hall, and quick cloſes the gate.

Now round him young Carloman caſting his eyes,
Surveys the ſad ſcene with diſmay and ſurpriſe,
And fear ſteals the roſe from his cheeks;
His ſpirits forſake him, his courage is flown;
The hand of Sir Oſric he claſps in his own,
And, while his voice faulters, he ſpeaks:

"Dear uncle," he murmers, "why linger we here?
'Tis late, and theſe chambers are damp and are drear,
Keen blows through the ruins the blaſt!

Oh! let us away, and our journey purſue;
Fair Blumenberg's caſtle will riſe on our view,
Soon as Falkenſtein's foreſt is paſt.

"Why roll thus your eyeballs? Why glare they ſo wild?
Oh! chide not my weakneſs, nor frown that a child
Should view theſe apartments with dread;
For know that full oft have I heard from my nurſe,
There ſtill on this caſtle has reſted a curſe,
Since innocent blood here was ſhed!

"She ſaid, too, bad ſpirits, and ghoſts all in white,
Here uſe to reſort at the dead time of night,
Nor vaniſh till breaking of day;
And ſtill at their coming is heard the deep tone
Of a bell—loud and awful—Hark! hark! 'twas a groan!
Good uncle, oh! let us away!"

"Peace, ſerpent!" thus Oſric—the Lion, replies,
While rage and malignity gloom in his eyes;
"Thy journey and life here muſt cloſe;
Thy caſtle's proud turrets no more ſhalt thou ſee;
No more betwixt Blumenberg's Lordſhip and me
Shalt thou ſtand, and my greatneſs oppoſe.

"My brother lies breathleſs on Paleſtine's plaine,
And thou once remov'd, to his noble domains
My right can no rival deny:
Then, ſtripling, prepare on my dagger to bleed;
No ſuccour is near, and thy fate is decreed,
Commend thee to Jeſus, and die!"

Thus ſaying, he ſeizes the boy by the arm,
Whoſe grief rends the vaulted hall's roof, while alarm
His heart of all fortitude robs:
His limbs ſink beneath him; diſtrafted with fears,
He falls at his uncle's feet, bathes them with tears,
And—"Spare me! O! ſpare me!" he ſobs.

But, ah! 'tis in vain that he ſtrives to appeaſe
The miſcreant; in vain does he cling round his knees,
And ſue in ſoft accents for life;

Unmov'd by his ſorrow, unmov'd by his prayer,
Fierce Oſric has twiſted his hand in his hair,
And aims at his boſom a knife.

But ere the ſteel bluſhes with blood, ſtrange to tell,
Self-ſtruck, does the tongue of the hollow-ton'd bell
The preſence of midnight declare:
And while with amazement his hair briſtles high,
Hears Oſric a voice, loud and terrible, cry,
In ſounds heart-appalling—"Forbear!"—

Straight curſes and ſhrieks thro' the chambers re-
ſound,
With helliſh mirth mingled; the walls rock around;
The groaning roof threatens to fall:
Loud bellows the thunder; blue lightnings ſtill flaſh;
The caſements they clatter; chains rattle; doors
claſh;
And flames ſpread their waves through the hall.

The clamour increaſes; the portals expand;
O'er the pavement's black marble now ruſhes a
band
Of dæmons, all dropping with gore,
In viſage ſo grim, and ſo monſtrous in height,
That Carloman ſcreams as they burſt on his ſight,
And ſinks without ſenſe on the floor.

Not ſo his fell uncle: he ſees that the throng
Impels, loudly ſhrieking, a female along,
And well the ſad ſpectre he knows;
The dæmons with curſes her ſteps onward urge,
Her ſhoulders with whips form'd of ſerpents they
ſcourge,
And faſt from her wounds the blood flows.

"Oh! welcome," ſhe cried, and her voice ſpoke de-
ſpair;
"Oh! welcome, Sir Oſric, the torments to ſhare,
Of which thou haſt made me the prey;
Twelve years have I languiſh'd thy coming to ſee,
Ulrilda, who periſh'd diſhonour'd by thee,
Now calls thee to anguiſh away!

"My ruin compleated, thy love became hate;
Thy hand gave the draught which consign'd me to Fate;
Nor thought I death lurk'd in the bowl:
Unfit for the grave, stain'd with guilt, swell'd with pride,
Unbless'd, unabsolv'd, unrepenting, I died,
And dæmons straight seiz'd on my soul!

"Thou com'st, and with transport I feel my breast swell!
Full long have I suffer'd the torments of hell,
And now shall its pleasures be mine;
See, see, how the fiends are athirst for thy blood!
Twelve years has my panting heart furnish'd their food,
Come, wretch, let them feast upon thine!"

She said, and the dæmons their prey flock'd around;
They dash'd him with horrible yell on the ground,
And blood down his limbs trickled fast:
His eyes from their sockets with fury they tore;
They fed on his entrails all reeking with gore,
And his heart was Ulrilda's repast.

But now the grey cock told the coming of day;
The fiends with their victim straight vanish'd away,
And Carloman's heart throbb'd again:
With terror recalling the deeds of the night,
He rose, and from Falkenstein speeding his flight,
Soon reach'd his paternal domain.

Since, then, all with horror the ruins behold;
No shepherd, though strayed be a lamb from his fold,
No mother, though lost be her child,
The fugitive dares in these chambers to seek,
Where fiends nightly revel, and guilty ghosts shriek
In accents most fearful and wild!

Oh! shun then, ye pilgrims! though late be the hour,
Though loud howl the tempest, and fast fall the shower,
From Falkenstein castle be gone!

There still their sad banquets Hell's denizens share;
There Osric—the Lion, still raves in despair;
Breathe a prayer for his soul, and pass on!

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND FAIR IMOGINE.

BY G. P. LEWIS, ESQ.

A Warrior so bold and a virgin so bright
Convers'd as they sat on the green;
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight;
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight—
The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

'And oh!' said the youth, 'since to-morrow I go
'To fight in a far distant land,
'Your tears for my absence soon leaving to flow,
'Some other will court you, and you will bestow
'On a wealthier suitor your hand!'

'Oh! hush these suspicions,' Fair Imogine said,
'Offensive to love and to me:
'For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
'I swear by the Virgin, that none, in your stead,
'Shall husband of Imogine be.

'If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
'Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
'God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
'Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
'May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
'And bear me away to the grave!'

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold;
His love she lamented him sore:—
But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when behold,
A Baron, all cover'd, with jewels and gold,
Arriv'd at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows:
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse!

And now had the marriage been bleſt by the prieſt;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feaſt,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,
When the bell at the caſtle toll'd—ONE!

Then firſt with amazement Fair Imogine found
That a ſtranger was plac'd by her ſide:
His air was terrific; he utter'd no ſound!
He ſpake not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around—
But earneſtly gaz'd on the bride!

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height;
His armour was ſable to view:—
All pleaſure and laughter were huſh'd at his ſight;
The dogs, as they ey'd him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burn'd blue!

His preſence all boſoms appear'd to diſmay,
The gueſts ſat in ſilence and fear;
At length ſpake the Bride, while ſhe trembled, 'I pray,
'Sir Knight, that your helmet aſide you would lay,
'And deign to partake of our cheer!'

The lady is ſilent; the ſtranger complies;
His vizor he ſlowly unclos'd;—
Oh, God! what a ſight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can expreſs her diſmay and ſurpriſe,
When a ſkeleton's head was expos'd!

All preſent then utter'd a terrify'd ſhout,
All turn'd with diſguſt from the ſcene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And ſported his eyes and his temples about,
Whilſt the ſpectre addreſs'd Imogine:—

'Behold me, thou falſe one; behold me!' he cry'd;
'Remember Alonzo the Brave!
'God grants that, to puniſh thy falſehood and pride,
'My ghoſt at thy marriage ſhould ſit by thy ſide;
'Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!'

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shriek'd in dismay;
Then sunk with his prey thro' the wide-yawning ground!
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre that bore her away!

Not long liv'd the Baron; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell, that, by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year does her sprite
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white.
Appear in the hall with the Skeleton-Knight,
And shrieks as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl—'To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
'And his consort, the Fair Imogine!'

POOR MARGUERITE.

BY MRS ROBINSON.

SWIFT o'er the wild and dreary waste
A nut-brown maid was seen to haste:
Wide-waving was her unbound hair,
And sun-scorch'd was her bosom bare;
For Summer's noon had shed its beams
As she lay wrapp'd in fev'rish dreams;
While on the wither'd hay-stack's side
By turns she slept, by turns she cry'd—
'Ah! where lies hid the balsam sweet,
'To heal the wounds of Marguerite?'

Dark was her large but sunken eye,
Which wildly gaz'd upon the sky;

And swiftly down her freckled face
The unfelt dews began to pace;
For she was lorn, and many a day
Had all alone been doom'd to stray;
And many a night her bosom warm
Had throbb'd beneath the pelting storm;
And still she sigh'd—'The rains fall sweet;
'It bathes the wounds of Marguerite.'

Across the waste of printless snow,
All day the nut-brown maid would go;
And when the winter moon had shed
Its pale beams o'er the mountain's head,
She on a broomy pillow lay,
To watch the tardy glimpse of day;
While the cold breath of dawn-light flew
Across the field of frozen dew;
And then she cry'd—'the air is sweet;
'It fans the breast of Marguerite.'

The weedy lane she lov'd to tread,
When stars their twinkling lustre shed;
While from the lone and silent cot
The watchful cur assail'd her not.
Though at the beggar he would fly,
And fright the trav'ller passing by;
But she so kind and gentle seem'd,
Such softness in her dark eyes beam'd,
That savage fierceness could not greet
With less than smiles—poor Marguerite.

And why did she, with sun burnt-breast,
So wander, and so scorn to rest?
Why did the nut-brown maiden go
O'er burning plain and wastes of snow?
What bade her fev'rish bosom sigh,
And dimm'd her large and hazel eye,
And stole the hour of slumber sweet
From the scorch'd brain of Marguerite?

Soon shalt thou know;—for see how lorn
She climbs the steep of shaggy thorn!
Now on the jutting cliff she stands,
And clasps her cold, but snow-white hands!
She sighs—'Farewel!' and bending slow,

Looks, trembling, on the main below;
And lift'ning every wave to hear,
Calls from the deep her Henry dear!
Then topples from the rock, to meet
The plighted love of Marguerite!

POOR MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

BY SOUTHEY.

WHO is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharg'd to express?—
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains—but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Thro' the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare, and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day)
Poor Mary the maniac has been:
The trav'ller remembers, who journey'd this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,
As she welcom'd them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She lov'd—and young Richard had settled the day—
And she hop'd to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless; and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say,
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in Autumn, and ſtormy and dark was the night,
And faſt were the windows and door;
Two gueſts ſat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And ſmoking in ſilence, with tranquil delight
They liſten'd to hear the wind roar.

'Tis pleaſant,' cry'd one, 'ſeated by the fire-ſide,
'To hear the wind whiſtle without.'
'A fine night for the Abbey,' his comrade reply'd:
'Methinks a man's courage would now be well try'd,
'Who ſhould wander the ruins about.

'I myſelf, like a ſchool-boy, ſhould tremble to hear
'The hoarſe ivy ſhake o'er my head;
'And could fancy I ſaw, half perſuaded by fear,
'Some ugly old abbot's white ſpirit appear,
'For this wind might awaken the dead.'

'I'll wager a dinner,' the other one cry'd,
'That Mary would venture there now:'
'Then wager, and loſe,' with a ſneer he reply'd,
'I'll warrant ſhe'd fancy a ghoſt by her ſide,
'And faint if ſhe ſaw a white cow.'

'Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?'
His companion exclaim'd with a ſmile;
'I ſhall win, for I know ſhe will venture there now,
'And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
'From the alder that grows in the aiſle.'

With fearleſs good humour did Mary comply,
And the way to the abbey ſhe bent;
The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high,
And, as hollowly howling it ſwept through the ſky,
She ſhiver'd with cold as ſhe went.

O'er the path, ſo well known, ſtill proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey roſe dim on the ſight;
Through the gateway ſhe enter'd, ſhe felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their ſhade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she pass'd,
And arriv'd at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle,

Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear—
She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head;—
She listen'd;—nought else could she hear.
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept, to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdled cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd:
She fell—and expected to die.

'Curse the hat!'—he exclaims—'nay, come on, and first hide
'The dead body,' his comrade replies.
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supply'd,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She cast her eyes horribly round:
Her limbs could support their faint burden no more;
But, exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;

THE FEMALE EXILE.

Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, oh God! what cold horror thrill'd thro' her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
The trav'ller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

THE FEMALE EXILE.

BY MISS BANNERMAN.

YE hills of my country, soft fading in blue;
The seats of my childhood, for ever adieu!
Yet not for a brighter your skies I resign,
When my wandering footsteps revisit the Rhine:
But sacred to me is the roar of the wave,
That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave;
Where the blasts of the trumpets for battle combine,
And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguil'd,
Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild;
For nature is nought to the eye of despair,
But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air:
Again ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,
Ye shall bloom to the morn, tho' ye bloom not for me;
Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the stream,
Be the haunt of the lover—to hope—and to dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew
The bowers where the days of my happiness flew;
Where my soul found her partner, and thought to bestow
The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe!
Too faithful recorders of times that are past,
The Eden of Love that was ever to last!
Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,
And the young and the happy be worshippers still

To me ye are loſt!—but your ſummits of green
Shall charm thro' the diſtance of many a ſcene,
In woe, and in wandering, and deſerts, return
Like the ſoul of the dead to the periſhing urn!
Ye hills of my country! farewel evermore,
As I cleave the dark waves of your rock-rugged ſhore,
And aſk of the hovering gale if it come
From the oak-towering woods on the mountains of home.

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

O Leave this barren ſpot to me!
Spare, woodman, ſpare the beechen tree!
Though buſh or flowret never grow
My dark, unwarming ſhade below;
Nor ſummer bud perfume the dew
Of roſy bluſh, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of Autumn, bloſſom-born,
My green and gloſſy leaves adorn;
Nor murm'ring tribes from me derive
Th' ambroſial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren ſpot to me:
Spare, woodman, ſpare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty ſummers I have ſeen,
The ſky grow bright, the foreſt green;
And many a wintry wind have ſtood
In bloomleſs fruitleſs ſolitude,
Since childhood in my pleaſant bower
Firſt ſpent its ſweet and ſportive hour,
Since youthful lovers in my ſhade
Their vows of truth and rapture made;
And on my trunk's ſurviving frame,
Carv'd many a long forgotten name.
Oh! by the ſighs of gentle ſound,
Firſt breath'd upon this ſacred ground;
By all that love hath whiſper'd here,
Or beauty heard with raviſh'd ear;
As love's own altar honour me,
Spare, woodman, ſpare the beechen tree!

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